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The Hideous Crimes of... **THE DEATH DOLLS**

10¢



NIGHTMARE

WAVE
GAIL

ANC



The Vampire Mermaid...
DEVIL FROM THE DEEP

The Curse of Desire
DREAM GIRL
and Ten Puffs



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The SECRET of TREASURE CAVE-
How Gray Shadow Tracked Down the Mystery of Spike's Sudden Wealth.

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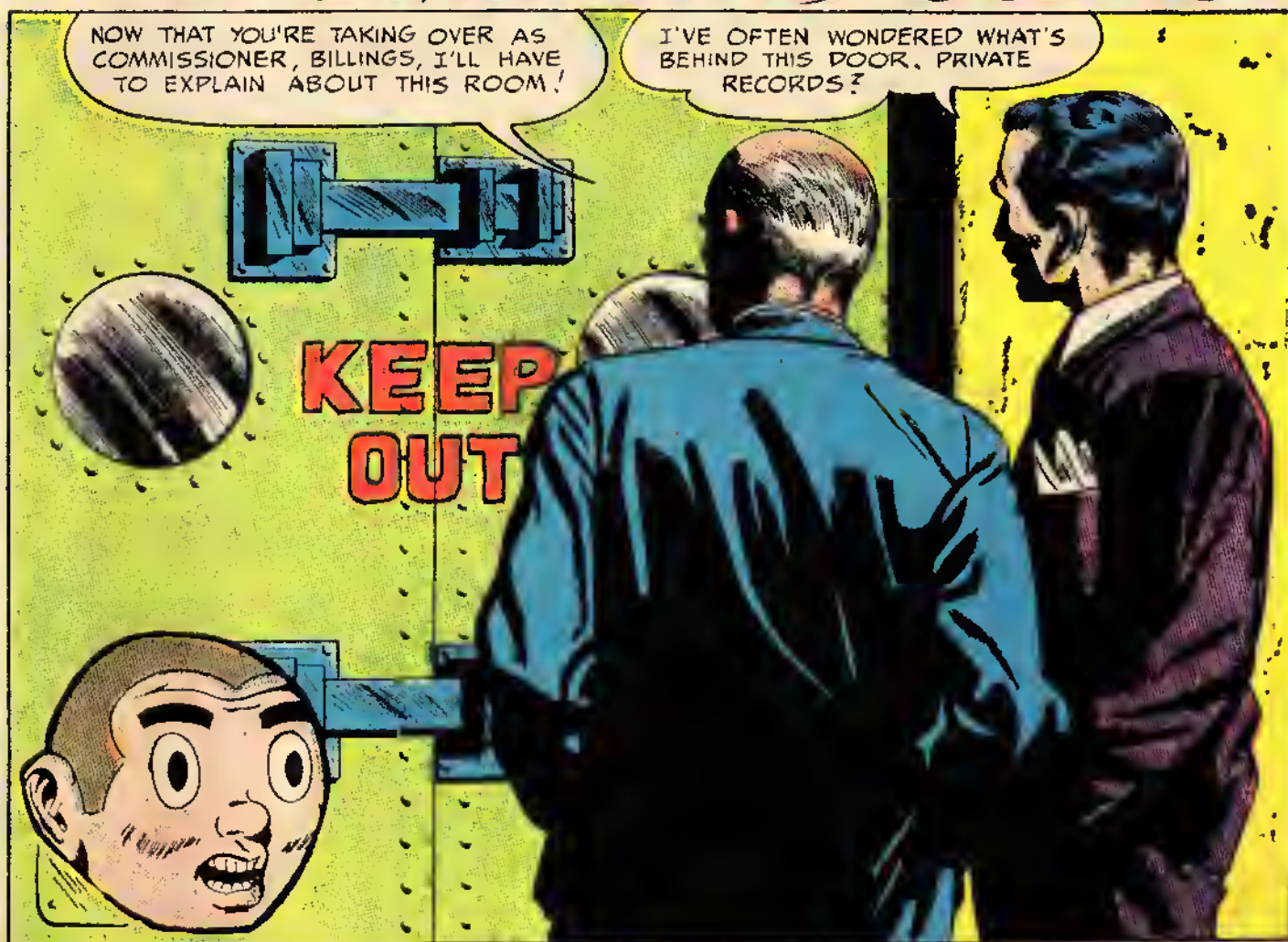
Rifles, Motion Picture Cameras with roll of film, Roller Skates, Radios. Mail coupon to start.

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IT WAS A LITTLE ROOM, TUCKED AWAY IN A BASEMENT CORNER OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS IN A LARGE CITY. THERE WERE THREE LOCKS ON THE DOOR. BEHIND THAT DOOR... BUT PERHAPS YOU'D RATHER NOT KNOW. PERHAPS, IF YOU VALUE YOUR SANITY, YOU'D BETTER NOT READ ABOUT THE LITTLE ROOM AT HEADQUARTERS AND...

THE DEATH DOLLS



"I THOUGHT IF NO ONE CLAIMED IT, IT WOULD MAKE A NICE GIFT FOR MY LITTLE NIECE..."

"I PUT IT ON THE TABLE, AND FORGOT ABOUT IT..."

WHAT A STRANGE
LOOKING DOLL!
I WONDER
HOW IT GOT
HERE?

I... I'D SWEAR I LEFT IT
LYING DOWN, AND NOW...
IT... IT'S SITTING UP!

WH-WHY... IT LEAPED FROM THE
TABLE! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! I...
I'VE NEVER SEEN A MECHANICAL
TOY THAT LOOKED
SO LIFE-LIKE!

"THEN I SAW WHAT IT HELD CLUTCHED IN THOSE
DREADFUL LITTLE HANDS, AND I KNEW WHAT IT
WAS GOING TO DO..."

JOHN... JOHN... LOOK
OUT! BEHIND YOU!

AND AFTER IT KILLED YOUR
HUSBAND, IT REMOVED THE
VALUABLES FROM YOUR
WALL SAFE AND
DISAPPEARED?
THAT'S YOUR
STORY?

YES... AND IT'S
TRUE! EVERY
DETAIL OF IT,
HORRIBLY TRUE!

I THOUGHT IT WAS HYSTERIA BROUGHT ON BY GUILT, UNTIL THE OTHER STORIES STARTED POURING IN...

I KNOW IT SOUNDS
WILD, BUT A DOLL
SNATCHED THAT
PAY-ROLL SATCHEL
OUTTA MY HAND...
A DOLL!

I'M FRANTIC,
COMMISSIONER!
THE INSURANCE
COMPANY WON'T
BELIEVE ME! BUT
IT'S TRUE! IT WAS
A DOLL!

YOU'D BEAT YOUR WIFE,
TOO, COMMISSIONER! TELLING
ME A DOLL TOOK THAT \$10,000!
SHE TOOK IT HERSELF!

IT WAS AT THIS POINT THAT I CALLED IN WILSON...

I'M RELUCTANT TO BELIEVE THOSE STORIES MYSELF, BILL, BUT I WANT YOU TO OPERATE ON THE ASSUMPTION THAT THESE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TELLING THE TRUTH!

AS YOU SAY, SIR!



BILL STUCK TO IT FOR WEEKS, AND THEN...

I'VE GOT A LEAD, SIR... THREE REPORTS OF TINY FIGURES SCURRY-INTO OR OUT OF DR. SAN'S HOUSE! I DON'T WANT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES ON SCARING HIM, SO I'D RATHER WORK ALONE!

IT'S YOUR CASE, WILSON!



THE REST OF THE STORY IS JUST AS WILSON TOLD IT TO ME. HE WATCHED SAN'S PLACE TWENTY FOUR HOURS A DAY! HE **THOUGHT** HE SAW SHADOWY DOLL-LIKE FIGURES IN THE DARK, BUT HE WAS **SURE** HE SAW SOMETHING ELSE!



EVERY EVENING A HALF DOZEN KNOWN CROOKS ENTER THAT HOUSE AND LEAVE IN THE EARLY MORNING! WHAT DO THEY DO THERE? I **MUST** FIND OUT!



ONE OF THOSE CROOKS... FROSTY NELSON... RESEMBLED WILSON SLIGHTLY! NEXT DAY, WE PICKED HIM UP ON A MINOR CHARGE, AND...

A LITTLE EXTRA LENGTH TO THE NOSE, SOME PADDING IN THE CHEEKS, AND YOU'LL LOOK LIKE HIS TWIN, BILL!



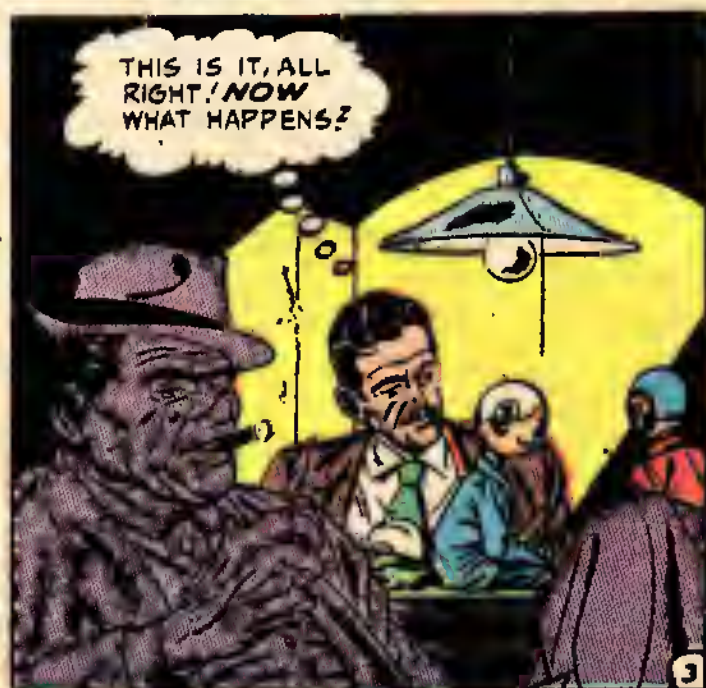
THAT EVENING...

AAAHH... MR. NELSON! SO GOOD OF YOU TO COME AGAIN!

YEAH! YOU BET...



THIS IS IT, ALL RIGHT! **NOW** WHAT HAPPENS?



SUDDENLY, WILSON WAS AWARE OF NOTHING BUT SAN'S VOICE, CHANTING STRANGE WORDS IN A TONE THAT THUMMED SLEEPILY IN HIS EARS...



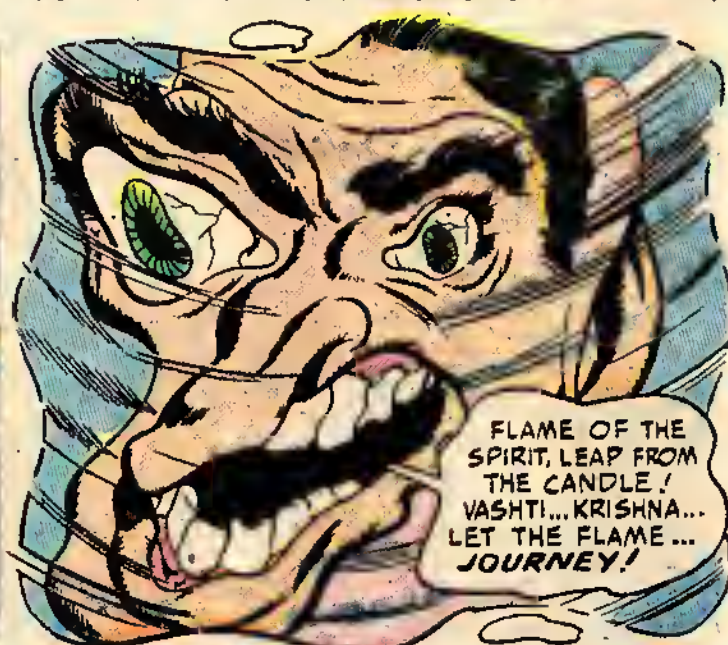
WHEN HE AWOKE...



SAN'S VOICE, NOW CRACKLING WITH IMPATIENCE, STARTLED WILSON BACK TO HIS SURROUNDINGS!



HIS MIND REELED DIZZILY IN A WHIRLPOOL THAT BORDERED ON THE VERY EDGE OF SPACE AND TIME!



SUDDENLY, HE KNEW THE TRUTH!



COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS FOR A CRIME TO BE COMMITTED NOW! I... I MUST DO IT... I CAN'T AFFORD TO ROUSE SAN'S SUSPICIONS BEFORE HE RESTORES ME TO MY BODY!



WILSON FOLLOWED THOSE INSTRUCTIONS...

I... I'M COMPLETELY AT HIS MERCY... IMPRISONED IN THIS GROTESQUE DOLL BODY TILL HE RELEASES ME!



I... I'LL RETURN THEM LATER... WHEN I'VE TOLD THE COMMISSIONER THE WHOLE STORY... AND WE'VE CAUGHT SAN!



HE SCAMPERS BACK WITH HIS LOOT, AND...

HERE! NOW RETURN ME TO MY BODY!

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T DO THAT!



YOUR BODY IS NO LONGER FIT FOR HABITATION! YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

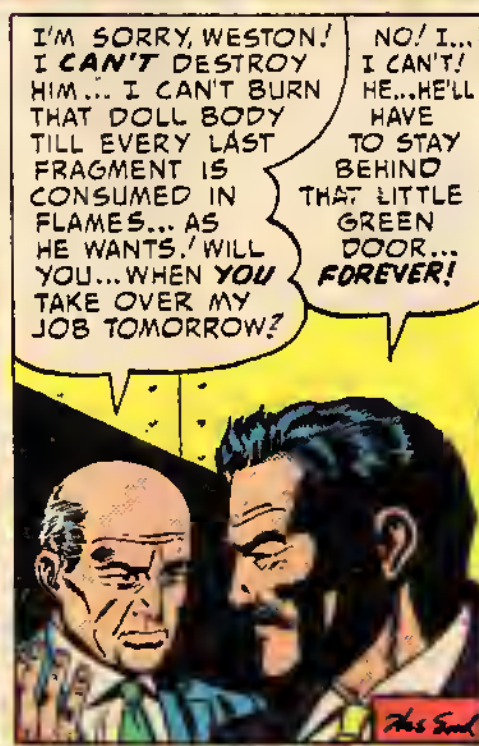
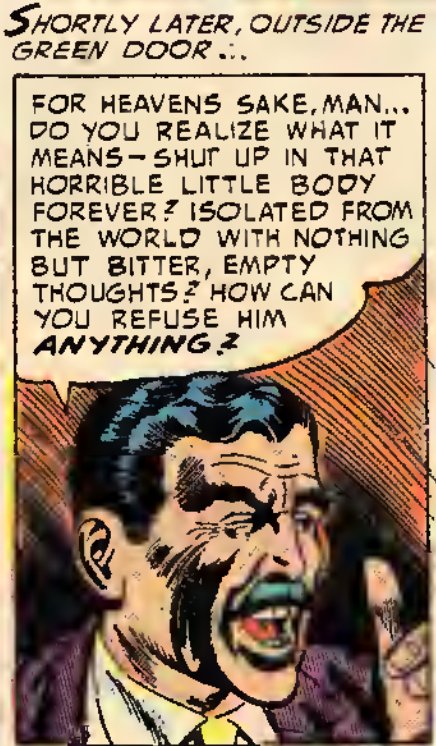
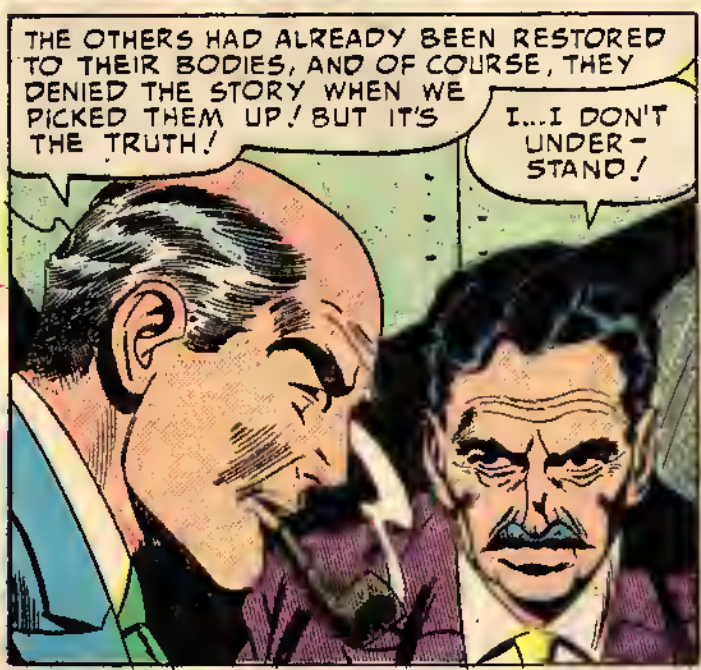
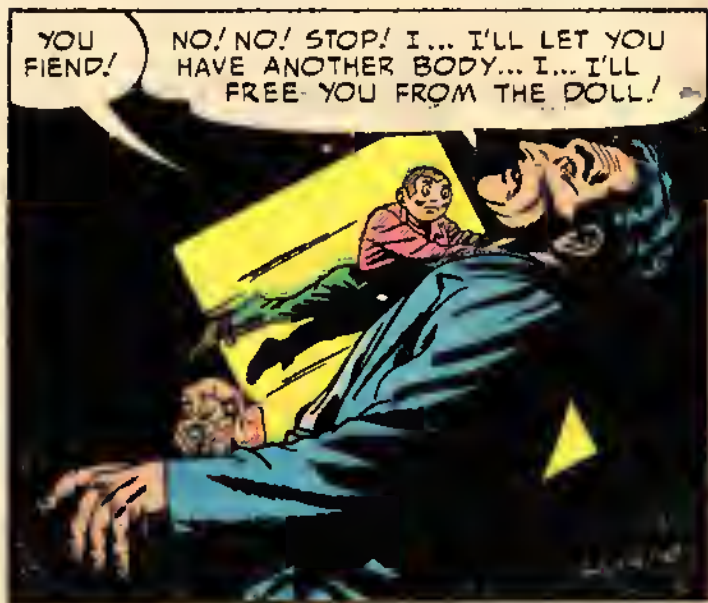


NELSON WASN'T SUPPOSED TO COME TONIGHT, SO I SUSPECTED YOUR IMPOSTURE FROM THE START! CLOSER INSPECTION JUSTIFIED MY SUSPICIONS! AND NOW... I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO BE STORED AWAY... AS **A SOUVENIR!**



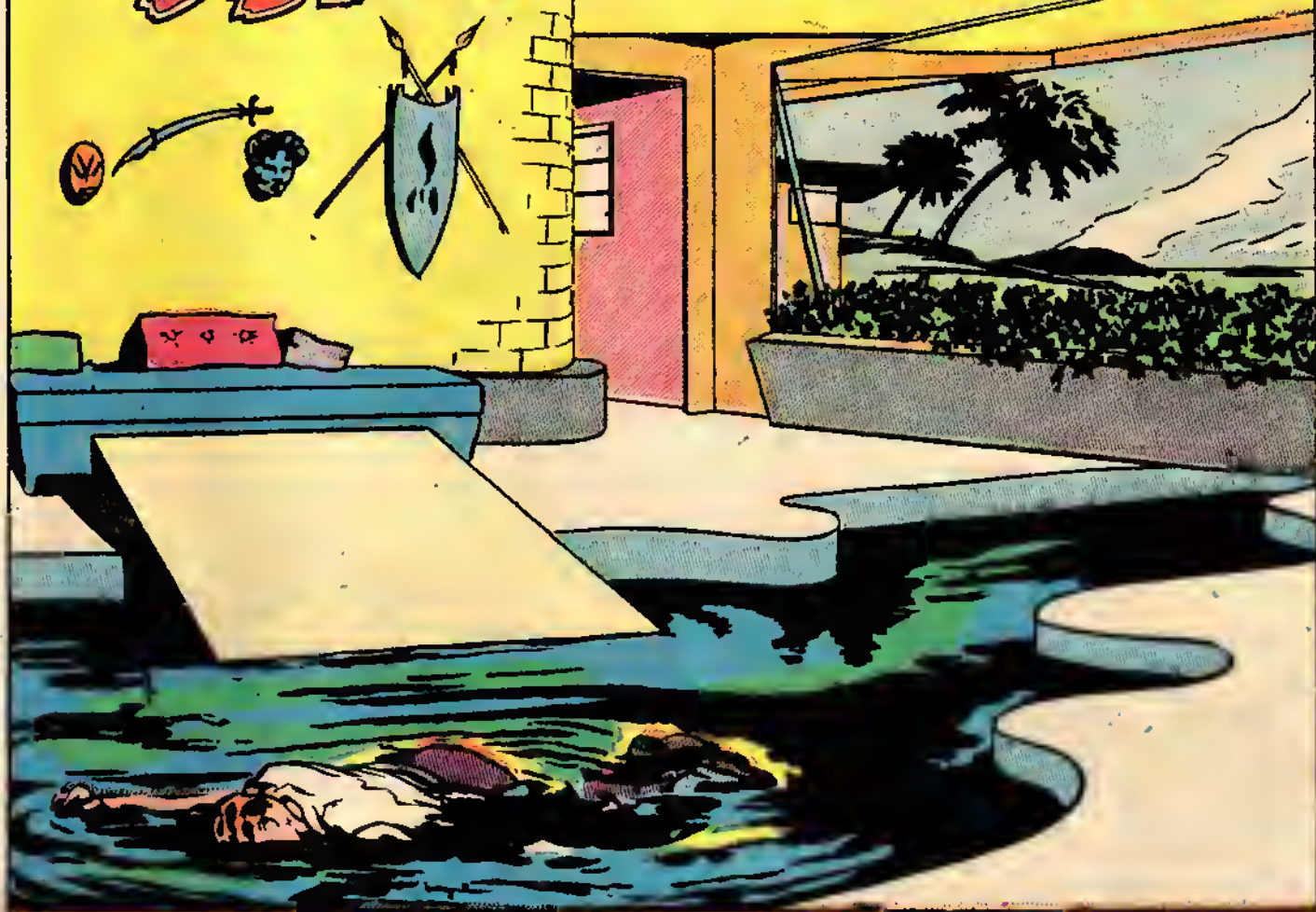
BILL LOST HIS MIND COMPLETELY, AND THOSE DEADLY LITTLE FINGERS REACHED UP...CLUTCHING WITH THE HATRED OF HOPELESS DESPAIR!

BILL WAS BEYOND REASON, AND HIS PALE PLASTIC FINGERS BIT DEEPER AND DEEPER...



Has End

The DEVIL FROM THE DEEP



ROBERT STRANGWAY WAS DEAD! THAT MUCH WAS CLEAR! BUT THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO HIS INCREDIBLE DEMISE ARE KNOWN TO NO ONE BUT ME! AND I'VE KEPT THEM SECRET FOR FIFTEEN YEARS! YOU WILL SAY THIS STORY IS FICTION, OR THE GRUESOME FANTASY OF DOCTOR JOHN WALDEN'S DISEASED MIND! BUT, THEN, YOU NEVER MET...

THE DEVIL FROM THE DEEP!

AFTER A LIFE OF EXOTIC TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES, MY LIFE-LONG FRIEND, ROBERT STRANGWAY, FINALLY SETTLED DOWN IN SECLUSION ON A LONELY ISLAND OFF THE FLORIDA KEYS! I JOINED HIM THERE THAT SUMMER, ANTICIPATING OUR ANNUAL FISHING EXPEDITION...

I HOPE YOU'VE BROUGHT LUCK WITH YOU, JOHN! THE FISHING HAS BEEN ROTTEN THIS SEASON! SOMETHING SEEMS TO HAVE FRIGHTENED THE FISH FROM THIS AREA!

ACTUALLY, I DON'T CARE WHETHER I CATCH ANYTHING OR NOT, BOB! THE SEA AIR IS COMPENSATION ENOUGH FOR THE TRIP!

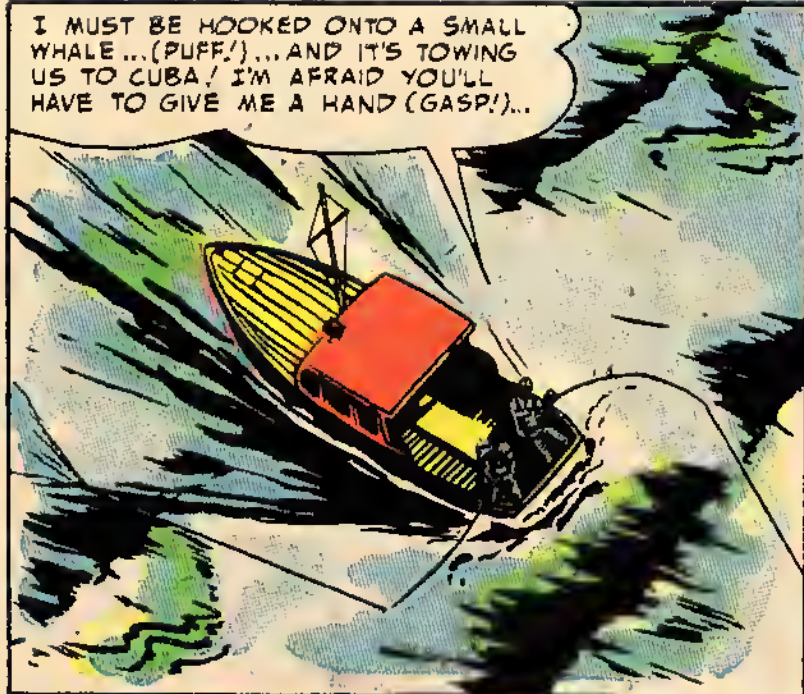


THE SKY WAS A DULL, BLOOD-RED... LOW... OPPRESSIVE! NO BREEZE STIRRED THE STILL, OILY SURFACE OF THE OCEAN. IT WAS AS THOUGH THE WORLD WERE HOLDING ITSELF IN LEASH WITH SOME PENT-UP FURY. WE ENCOUNTERED NO LIVING THING IN THE WATER ALL DAY! THEN SUDDENLY...

A STRIKE! AND WHAT A STRIKE!



I MUST BE HOOKED ONTO A SMALL WHALE...(PUFF!)...AND IT'S TOWING US TO CUBA! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME A HAND (GASP!)...



WE BATTLED OUR CATCH FOR THREE HOURS!

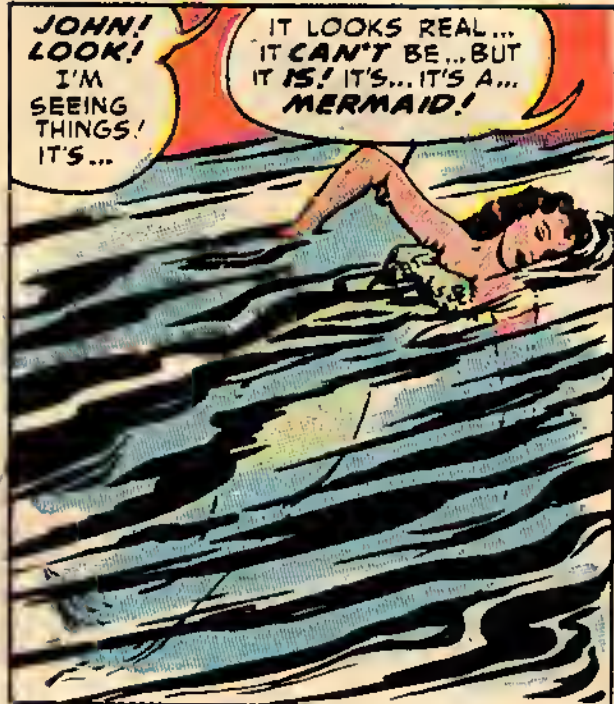
I'VE NEVER HOOKED SUCH A CUNNING BEAST IN MY LIFE...(GASP!) IT ACTUALLY SEEMS TO BE OUT-THINKING US! I'M ALL IN...(GASP!) WE'LL HAVE TO CUT THE LINE!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.. (PUFF!) IT'S TOO MUCH FOR BOTH OF US... NO! WAIT! THE LINE'S SLACKING! REEL IT IN!



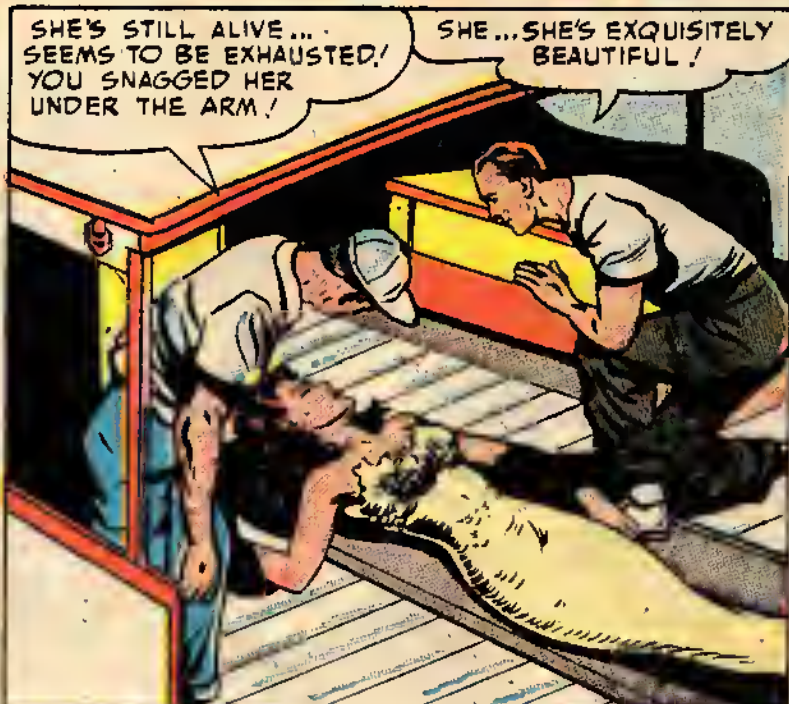
JOHN! LOOK! I'M SEEING THINGS! IT'S...

IT LOOKS REAL... IT CAN'T BE... BUT IT IS! IT'S... IT'S A... MERMAID!



SHE'S STILL ALIVE... SEEMS TO BE EXHAUSTED! YOU SNAGGED HER UNDER THE ARM!

SHE... SHE'S EXQUISITELY BEAUTIFUL!



IT TOOK A FEW SECONDS FOR THE TONE IN ROBERT'S VOICE TO CUT THROUGH MY EXCITED SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY! I LOOKED AT HIM DUMBFOUNDED! THERE WAS AN AWESOME, ENTRANCED LOOK ON HIS FACE WHICH MADE MY HACKLES RISE!



BOB! BOB! SNAP OUT OF IT! WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO SHORE QUICKLY IF SHE'S TO BE KEPT ALIVE! WHAT'S EATING YOU?

EH? OH... NOTHING! I... I'LL START BACK IMMEDIATELY!



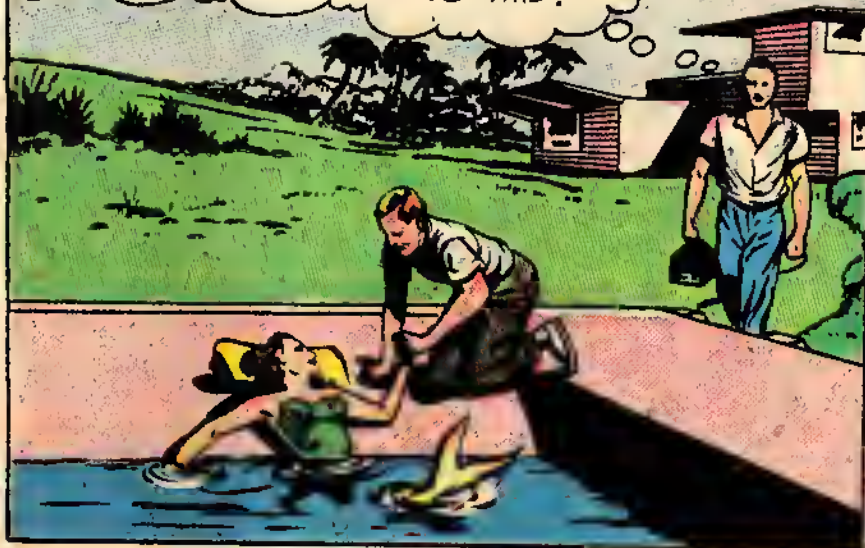
THE RETURN TRIP SHOULD HAVE WARNED ME! I WATCHED ROBERT IN HIS WEIRD TRANCE, AND HE DID NOT TAKE HIS INTENSE BLAZING EYES OFF THE MERMAID!

TAKE HER TO THE POOL! I'LL GET MY MEDICAL BAG!



SHE WAS CONSCIOUS WHEN I REACHED THE POOL!

I DON'T LIKE IT! BOB'S LOOKING AT HER AS THOUGH HE'S HYPNOTIZED! WHAT SORT OF STRANGE UNEARTHLY CREATURE IS THIS?



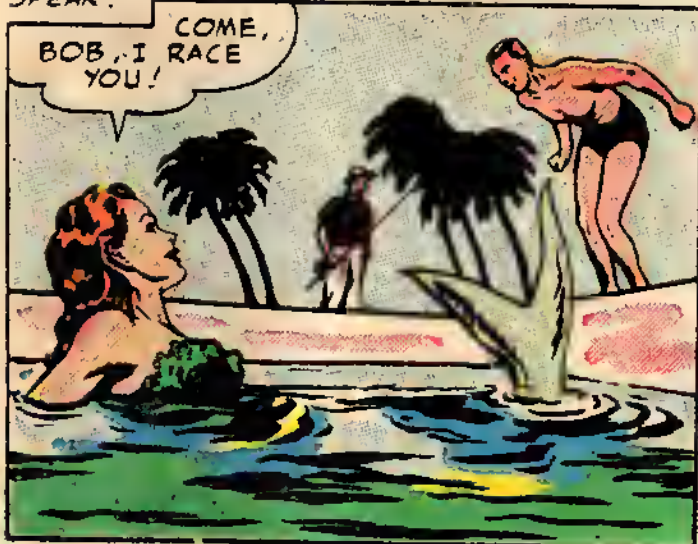
HOW IS SHE, BOB?

MAGNIFICENT! I'VE NAMED HER DIANA... GODDESS OF THE HUNT!

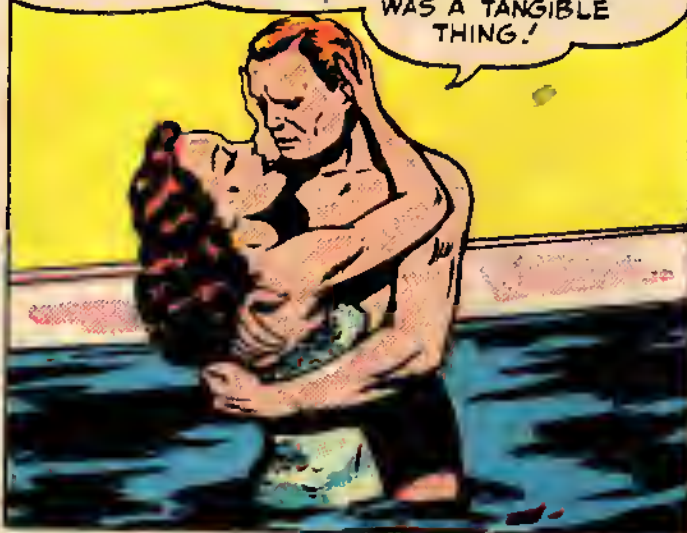


I TOOK MY FISHING TRIPS ALONE AFTER THAT! ROBERT WAS UNDER SOME DIABOLICAL SPELL, MAKING IT QUESTIONABLE AS TO WHICH ONE WAS THE CAPTOR AND WHICH THE CAPTIVE! IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, HE TAUGHT HER TO SPEAK!

COME, BOB, I RACE YOU!



DIANA... YOU'VE KNOWN IT SINCE THAT FIRST DAY... I LOVE YOU... **WE'VE LOVED EACH OTHER** SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME, WHEN MAN FIRST CRAWLED OUT OF THE SEA! AND EVEN BEFORE THAT, OUR LOVE WAS A TANGIBLE THING!



BOB MUST BE LOSING HIS MIND! HE SEEMS TO HAVE LOST SIGHT, COMPLETELY, OF THE NATURE OF THIS BIOLOGICAL CURIOSITY THAT HE LOVES! I CAN'T JUST STAND BY AND DO NOTHING!



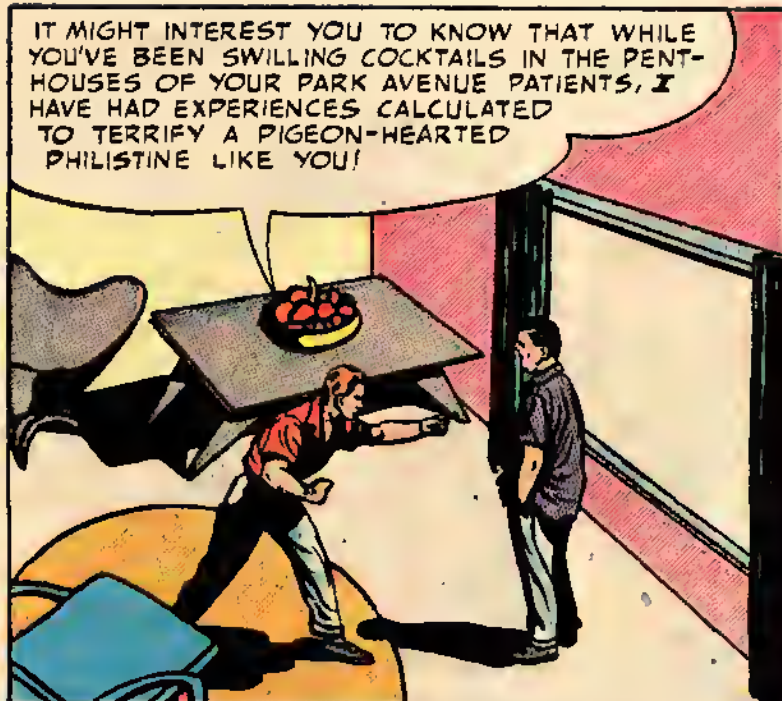
THAT NIGHT I TRIED TO JOLT ROBERT BACK TO HIS SENSES!

BOB, I'M TRYING TO BE OBJECTIVE AND TO IGNORE THIS AFTERNOON... WHICH WAS LOATHSOME TO ME! YOU SEEM TO HAVE LOST ALL REASON! DON'T YOU SEE THAT YOU'RE GETTING INVOLVED IN SOMETHING INCREDIBLY DANGEROUS?

DON'T BE A CHILD, JOHN!



IT MIGHT INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THAT WHILE YOU'VE BEEN SWILLING COCKTAILS IN THE PENT-HOUSES OF YOUR PARK AVENUE PATIENTS, I HAVE HAD EXPERIENCES CALCULATED TO TERRIFY A PIGEON-HEARTED PHILISTINE LIKE YOU!

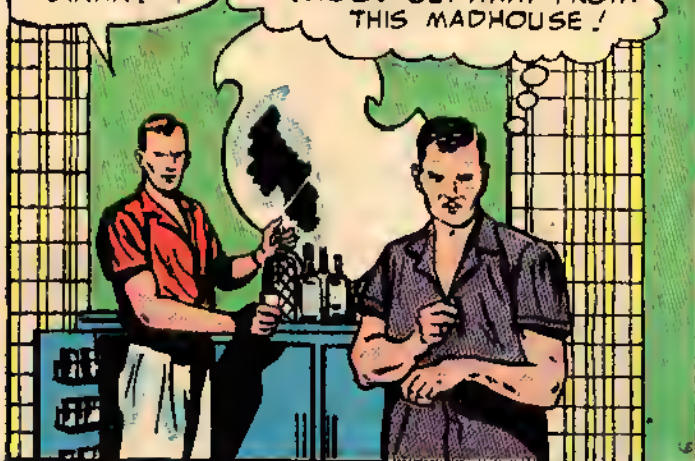


YOU ARE MY GUEST HERE, AND WELCOME! BUT BELIEVE ME, JOHN, I LOVE DIANA TO MY VERY MARROW, AND IF YOU MAKE A MOVE TO INTERFERE, I'LL **SQUASH** YOU... AS I WOULD... AN ANT!



AND NOW THAT WE'VE SETTLED THAT, HOW ABOUT A DRINK? INCIDENTALLY, TOMORROW I'M SENDING MY MAN-SERVANT, NIKKI, TO THE MAINLAND FOR BUILDING MATERIALS! I'M RE-DESIGNING THE LIVING ROOM FOR DIANA!

AND I'M GOING TO THE MAINLAND **WITH** HIM! I **MUST** GET AWAY FROM THIS MADHOUSE!



BUT I DIDN'T GO! SOMEHOW I KEPT CLING-ING TO THE REMOTE HOPE THAT I COULD PULL ROBERT OUT OF DIANA'S SEEMINGLY HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE! SOME WEEKS LATER WE CELEBRATED THE FINISHED WORK ON THE LIVING ROOM!

IT **IS** BEAUTIFUL, DARLING! BUT... **USELESS**... FOR IF I DO NOT RETURN TO THE **SEA**, I SHALL STARVE TO DEATH! YOUR KITCHEN IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR THE OCEAN FLOOR!

NO, DIANA! YOU **CAN'T** LEAVE ME! I'LL FIND YOU SOME PROPER FOOD! PLEASE, DARLING... PATIENCE!



I'VE NOTICED THAT YOU'VE NOT BEEN EATING THE FISH AND PLANT LIFE WE'VE GIVEN YOU... SO I HAD NIKKI PREPARE SOMETHING **NEW** FOR YOU TO TRY! IT'S CALLED... MEAT!



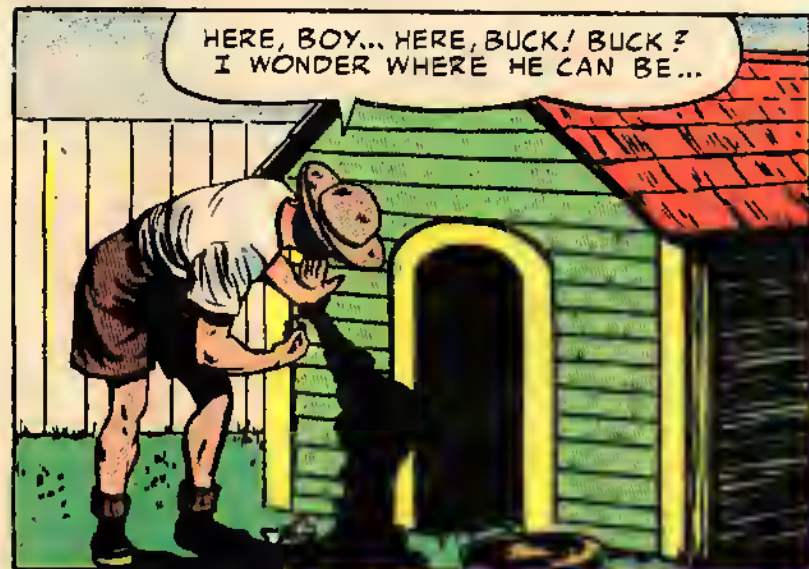
I WATCHED ENTRANCED AS DIANA'S SHARP LITTLE TEETH TORE INTO THE STEAK! HER PRISTINE BEAUTY COULD NOT HIDE THE PRIMEVAL SAVAGERY IN HER EYES!

MEAT IS **GOOD**! VERY GOOD! LET ME HAVE MORE!



I TRIED TO FORGET THE SICKENING IMPRESSION THAT MEAL HAD MADE ON ME! BUT NEXT MORNING, WHEN I WENT TO TAKE BUCK, ROBERT'S HANDSOME GREAT DANE, FOR OUR MORNING WALK...

AFTER AN EXHAUSTIVE SEARCH I FINALLY FOUND BUCK... OR WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIM!



HERE, BOY... HERE, BUCK! BUCK?
I WONDER WHERE HE CAN BE...



GOOD LORD! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

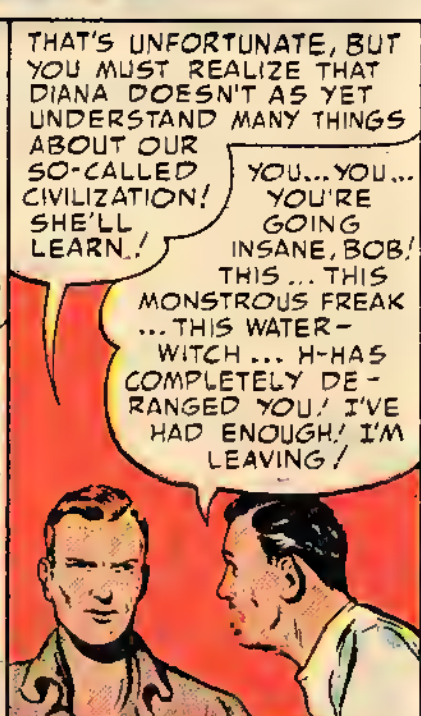


I WAS HUNGRY FOR MEAT! IT **WAS** MEAT, IS IT NOT SO?



WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOHN?

WHAT'S THE MATTER? THIS... GHOUL... HAS JUST **DEVOURED** YOUR DOG! I FEEL LIKE RETCHING!
YOU'VE GOT TO GET **RID** OF HER! SEND HER BACK WHERE YOU FOUND HER!



THAT'S UNFORTUNATE, BUT YOU MUST REALIZE THAT DIANA DOESN'T AS YET UNDERSTAND MANY THINGS ABOUT OUR SO-CALLED CIVILIZATION! SHE'LL LEARN!

YOU... YOU... YOU'RE GOING INSANE, BOB! THIS... THIS MONSTROUS FREAK... THIS WATER-WITCH... H-HAS COMPLETELY DERANGED YOU! I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I'M LEAVING!



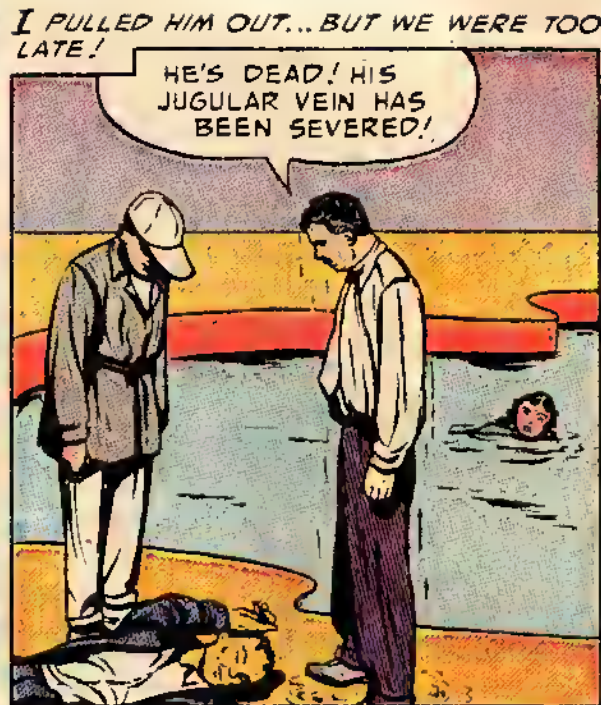
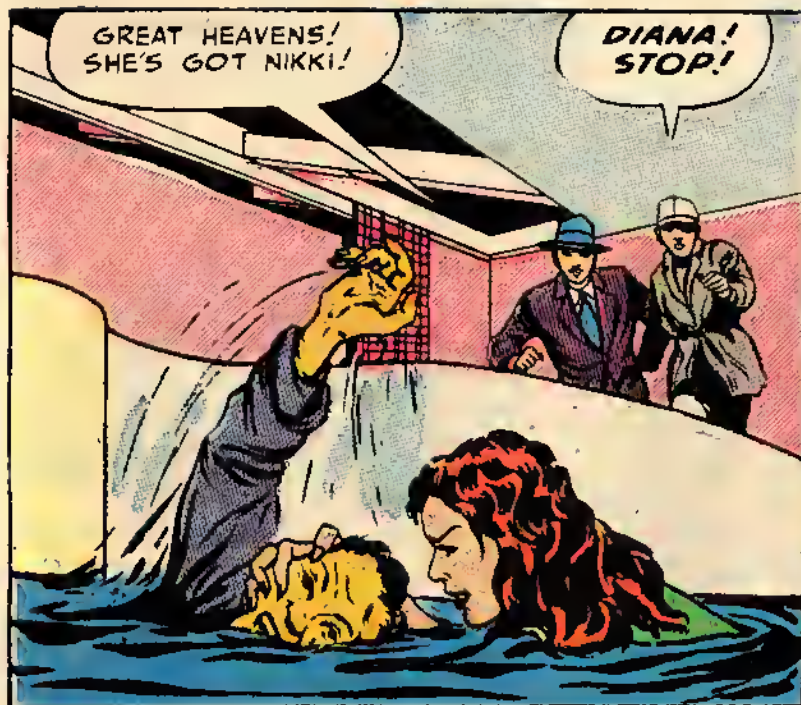
GET OFF THIS ISLAND BEFORE I TEAR YOU TO SHREDS WITH MY BARE HANDS! THE BOAT WILL BE READY TO LEAVE IN TEN MINUTES! SEE THAT **YOU** ARE, TOO!

IN SPITE OF MY CONTINUING FEELING OF DESPAIR FOR MY OLD FRIEND, THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT LEAVE! I MADE IT TO THE BOAT IN **EIGHT** MINUTES, BUT JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO SHOVE OFF...



HELP! EEEYOWWW!

IT'S NIKKI!



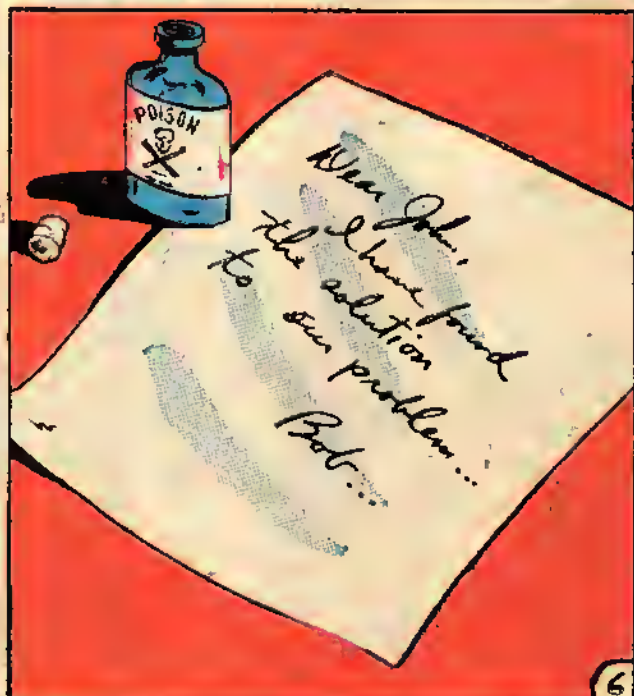
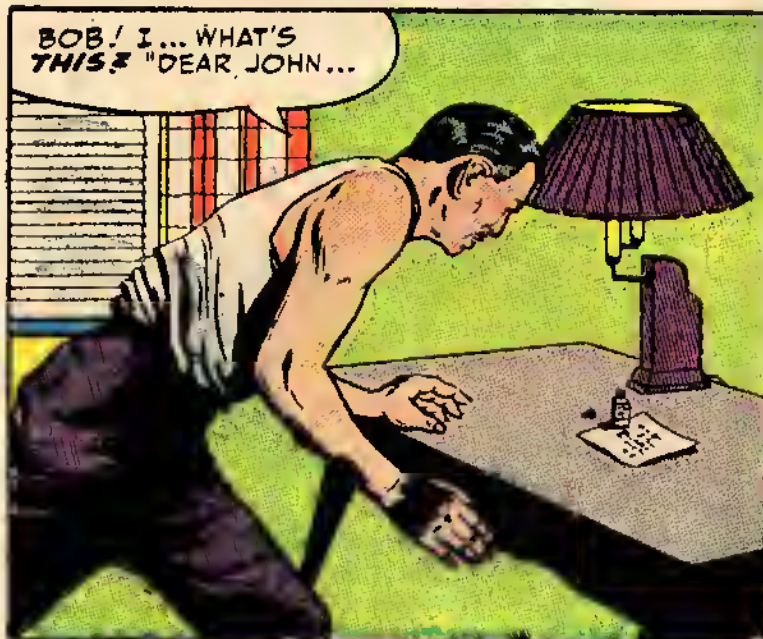
AFTER BURYING NIKKI, I FOLLOWED ROBERT TO HIS ROOM!



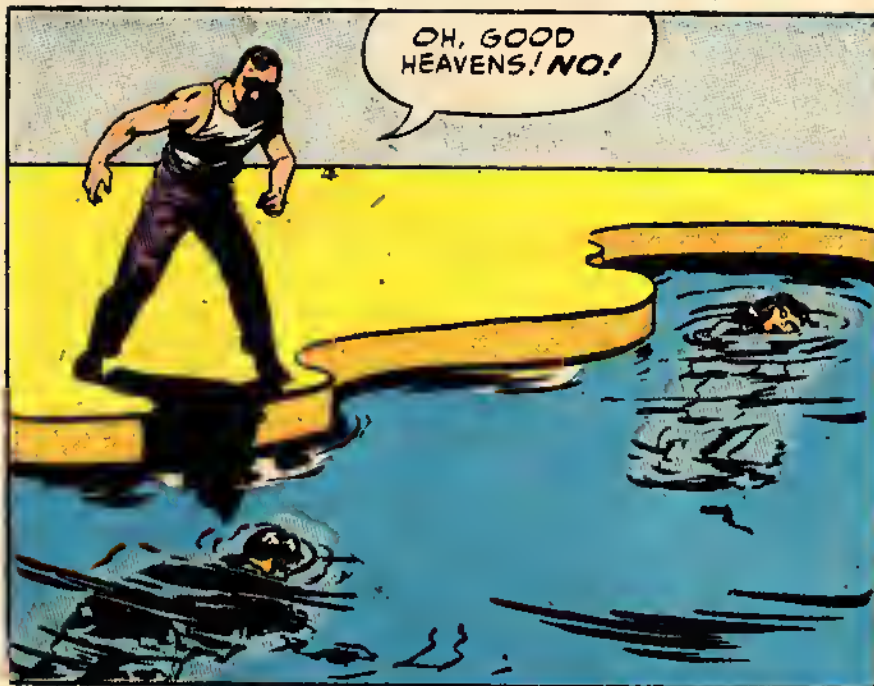
I LAY AWAKE FOR HOURS LISTENING TO ROBERT'S PACING NEXT DOOR! I FINALLY LAPSED INTO A NIGHTMARISH DOZE! I WAS SHOCKED AWAKE BY A SIXTH SENSE... A PREMONITION OF DOOM!



I RUSHED TO ROBERT'S ROOM! HE WAS GONE... BUT A NOTE WAS ON HIS DESK!



PANIC-STRICKEN, I RACED TO DIANA'S POOL!

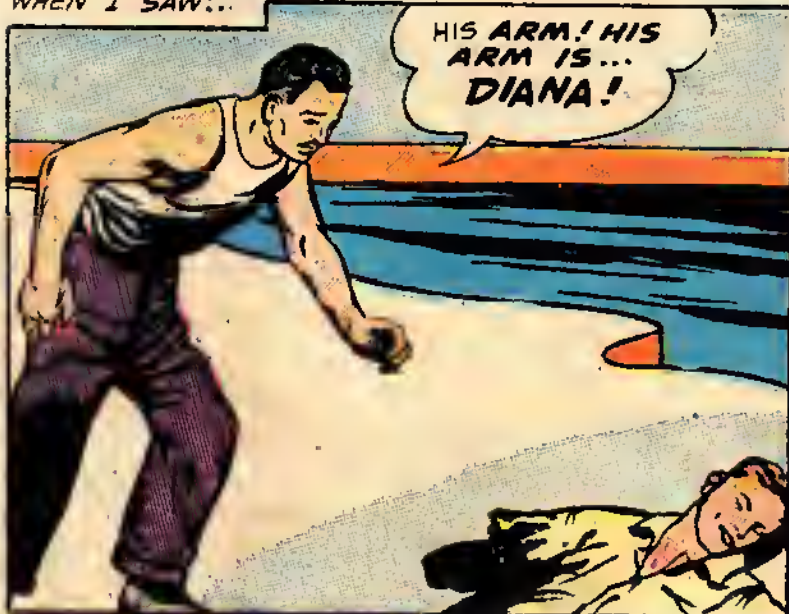


OH, GOOD HEAVENS! NO!

I'M TOO LATE... TOO LATE! THE POISON HAS SPREAD THROUGH HIS SYSTEM! HE'S DEAD... BOB IS DEAD!



I CRIED SHAMELESSLY AT THIS WANTON LOSS OF MY OLD FRIEND! BUT ANGUISH TURNED TO RAGE WHEN I SAW...

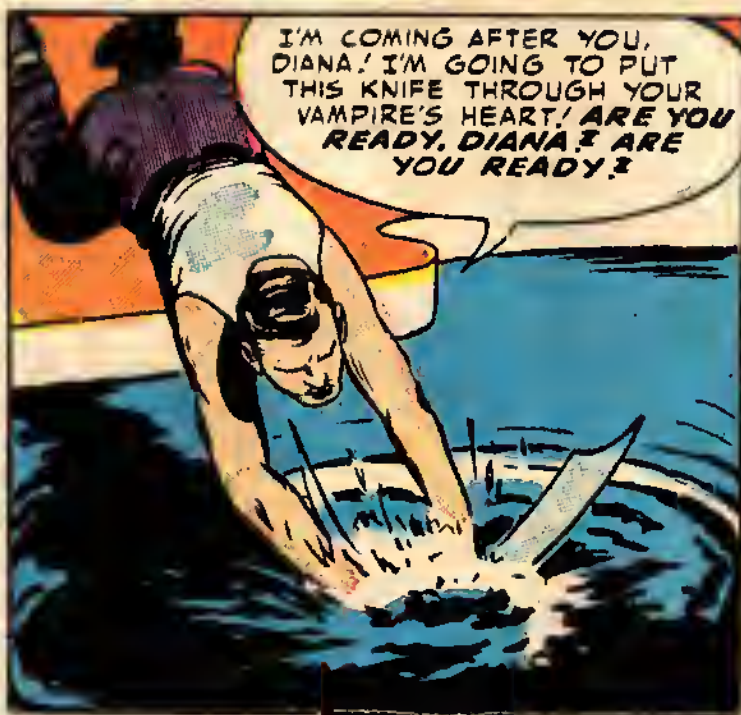


HIS ARM! HIS ARM IS... DIANA!

I WENT MAD! I REMEMBER, BLINDLY, TEARING A KRIS FROM THE WALL!

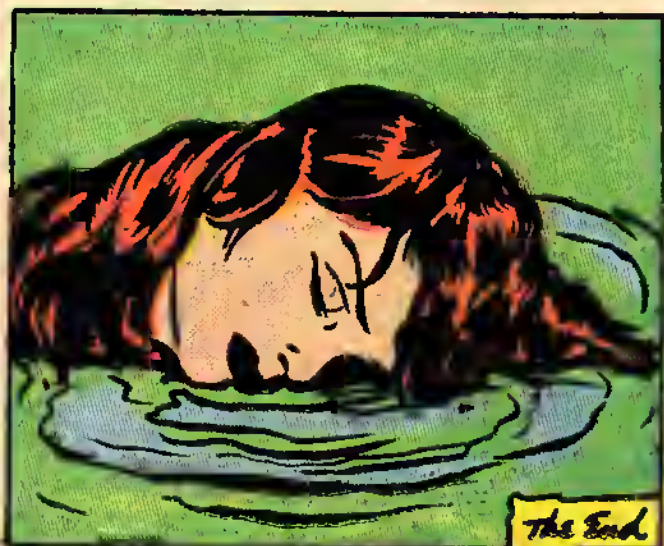


YOU BUTCHERING DEVIL! YOU HIDEOUS MONSTER! YOU'VE KILLED FOR THE LAST TIME!



I'M COMING AFTER YOU, DIANA! I'M GOING TO PUT THIS KNIFE THROUGH YOUR VAMPIRE'S HEART! ARE YOU READY, DIANA? ARE YOU READY?

BUT I NEVER STRUCK THAT BLOW, FOR ROBERT HAD ACCOMPLISHED, IN DEATH, WHAT HE COULD NOT BRING HIMSELF TO DO, IN LIFE! HIS POISONED FLESH HAD KILLED HER JUST AS SURELY AS THE VIAL OF POISON, ITSELF, WOULD HAVE DONE!



The End

GHOSTS—*With a Sense of Humor!*

MR. CASKIN was very ill, and to make it worse someone was throwing stones at his house. The ground floor windows were already broken and as he telephoned the London police the window of his bedroom disappeared in a shower of flying glass.

The police arrived and set a guard on the house, but the stones continued to fly. More men were assigned until a cordon of *forty* bobbies covered every possible approach to the building. It was physically impossible for any *living* person to throw the stones, but they kept coming.

This is one of the most recent and best authenticated accounts of the activities of a *poltergeist*, or "noisy ghost". These good-natured but destructive spirits have been haunting mankind for a long time, but the explanation has yet to be found as to what they really are.

Poltergeists are real practical jokers. They seem to be happiest whenever they are driving someone frantic with their tricks. They set mysterious fires, break dishes, throw stones, knock on doors, move furniture around and generally make as big a nuisance of themselves as possible. That they are irreverent has been proven time and again; they are most destructive when destroying a cleric's home or a church. It is a matter of record that the largest percentage of poltergeist visitations have taken place in parsonages.

The Reverend Dr. Eliakim Phelps found out just what that could mean. He, his wife and four children came home from church one Sunday to find all the clothes in the house in the living room, arranged to resemble sitting, kneeling and praying figures. The good doctor muttered something about childish pranks and put the entire family to

work restoring the clothes to their proper places. It took over an hour to replace everything and they were just sitting down to dinner when a terrible crash from the other room caused them to rush in. A large marble-top table was overturned—and the clothes were back, arranged as another and even more interesting group of figures.

This was the opening of an attack that eventually forced Dr. Phelps to sell the house and move. Loud knocks were heard on the door, which when opened revealed nothing. Vines grew from the floor and lighted matches were seen to fall from the ceiling. The silver spoons jumped from the table and danced around the room. When Dr. Phelps tried to grab them a lamp sailed through the door from the other room and struck him on the back of the head.

The poltergeist seemed to get its greatest pleasure from tormenting children. A little girl was found unconscious in her bed, a long ribbon wrapped tightly around her throat. The youngest boy walked into the barn and was heard to cry out a moment later. His parents rushed in to find him dazed but unhurt. His clothes, however, had been slashed into a thousand pieces.

Poltergeists have been bothering mankind for thousands of years. The earliest writings tell of King Theodoric's troubles with flying rocks in 530 A.D. He also had his clothing cut to ribbons. This is one of the commonest poltergeist tricks, along with stone throwing and setting fires in locked cabinets. In every age and in every part of the world there have been reports of these mysterious activities.

Poltergeists seem to operate without respect for physical laws. Objects have appeared in sealed

rooms. A table that came through the door of an adjoining room would not go back through the door until it was disassembled. The strangest case of this kind occurred in London in 1906.

Unknown forces had been hurling lime barrels around a warehouse for some time. When the workers came in one morning they found that one of the horses was missing from the stable. They searched the building and eventually found him in the hay room, a small chamber at the top of the building. In order to let the animal out one wall of the room had to be torn down.

This ability to operate in sealed rooms has been one of the most baffling aspects of the poltergeist mystery. These spectral jokers have as little respect for the dead as they have for the clergy. There have been numerous reports of coffins being tossed around in sealed tombs.

When this happened in Barbados it made big news. The tomb of one of the most prominent families was opened to inter a recently departed member. It was an underground tomb, hewed from solid rock, with a stone door so heavy that it took seven men to move it. Once inside, the mourners drew back in awe from the disordered chamber. Every one of the heavy, lead-lined coffins had been moved. Some stood on end while others lay in a jumble, one on top of the other. There were no marks of water that might have floated the coffins or entrances by which anyone might have entered.

The vault was put in order and fine sand scattered over the floor and stairs. Any agency that tried to move the coffins again would surely leave some trace.

The massive door was closed and a mason sealed it tight. The Governor, who showed up for the ceremony, put his official seal over the opening while many other people marked the fresh cement with their own private signs.

Eight months later, with the seals still intact, the vault was opened for inspection. The door was moved only with great difficulty as a coffin rested

against its inner side. The sand was unmarked—yet none of the caskets were in the positions in which they had been left. They had been overturned and tossed about by some unseen agency. One coffin had been broken open and an arm hung out with a withered hand pointing to the doorway.

The records revealed that the man in the broken coffin had been a suicide; he had been found with the bloody razor still clutched in that same hand.

The flying stones of which poltergeists are so fond are a baffling mystery. They have been observed by thousands of reliable witnesses in every nation in the world. There can be no doubt that they exist, yet there is no satisfactory explanation of their existence.

These stones move very slowly, much slower than an ordinary thrown stone. They usually describe wide arcs in the air, on some occasions making a right-angle turn in flight in order to pass through some opening. They are always warmer than the surrounding air. In fact, some of them are too hot to hold when picked up immediately after their strange flight.

The most humorous ghost of all time was the moving spirit of the "Saragossa Mystery". This poltergeist was a disembodied voice that spoke from the inside of a kitchen chimney in Saragossa, Spain. This happy shade chatted and made jokes at any hour of the day or night. The inhabitants of the house became so annoyed by witty remarks from the furniture that they made a complaint to the police. The officer inspecting the wall asked the tenant the dimension of the chimney. The tenant said that he had no idea. At this point a cheerful voice came from the opening and said, "The chimney is exactly six inches in diameter." When measured, this statement was found to be correct.

If you should find your china dancing a jig with flying stones in the front room some day, don't be frightened. After all, poltergeists are great jokers and don't hurt people—most of the time!

THE END

Sensational NEW Story by

MICKEY SPILLANE!

"THE VEILED WOMAN"

in
fantastic
new digest size
magazine

ON SALE
SEPTEMBER
9th



Now Bi-Monthly

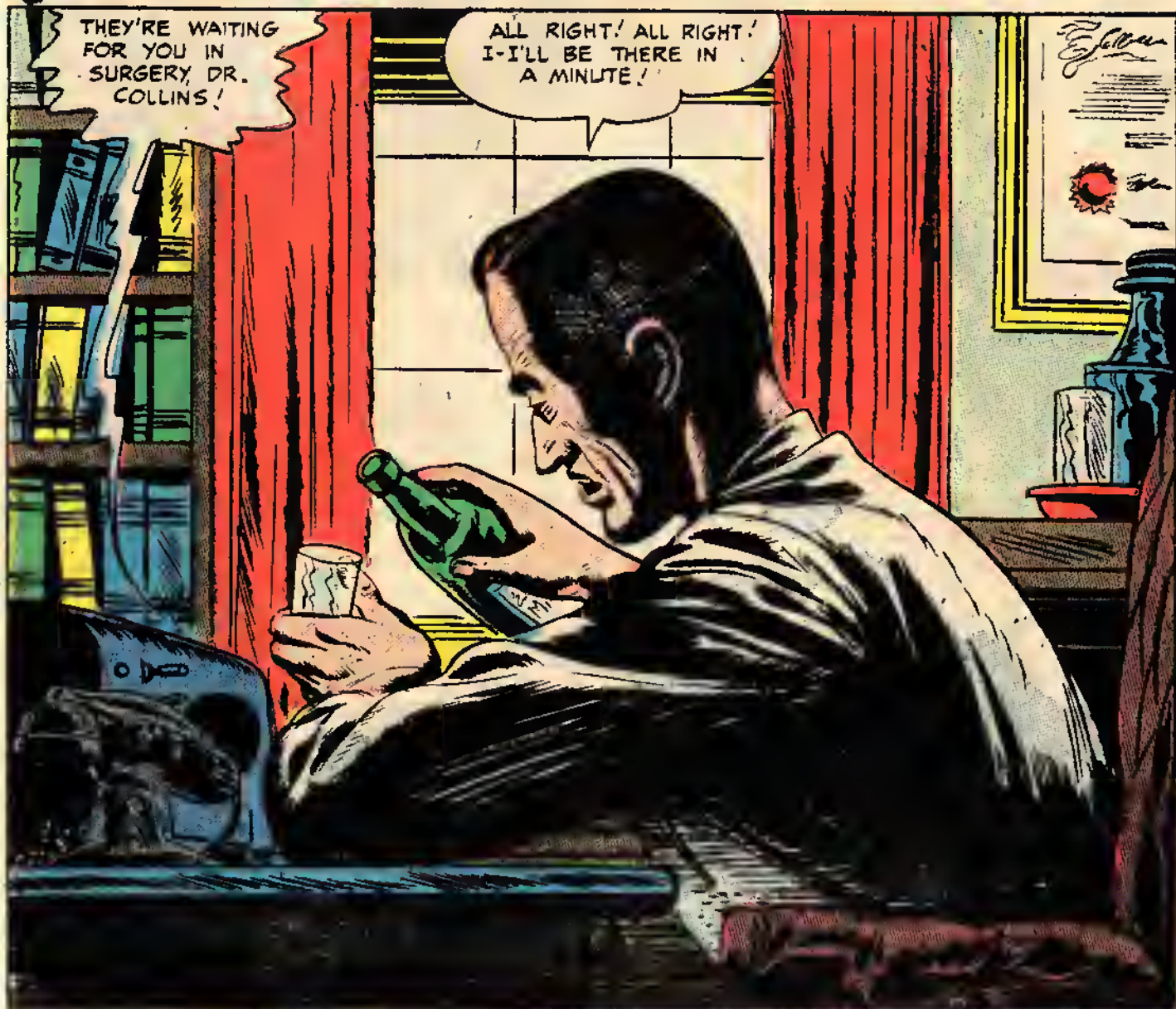
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THE DOCTOR GRABBED HIS BAG AND STARTED OFF WITH THE TWO MEN. HE THOUGHT HE WAS GOING ON JUST ANOTHER CASE... BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW THE PATIENT WAS HIS PAST... OR THAT HIS PAYMENT WOULD BE...

AN EYE FOR AN EYE



DR. RALPH COLLINS HAD BEEN HEAD SURGEON OF MEDWICK HOSPITAL FOR TEN YEARS... BUT HE WAS SLIPPING FAST!

BUT THAT WAS THE TROUBLE! IN THE PAST TEN YEARS THERE HAD BEEN TOO MANY DRINKS!



ANOTHER HASTY DRINK AND COLLINS WAS ON HIS WAY TO THE OPERATING ROOM! HIS PATIENT, FRANK CHESTER, GREETED HIM...

ALL SET, CHESTER?

YES, DOCTOR, I'M READY! AND I'M NOT AFRAID... I HAVE THE GREATEST CONFIDENCE IN YOU!



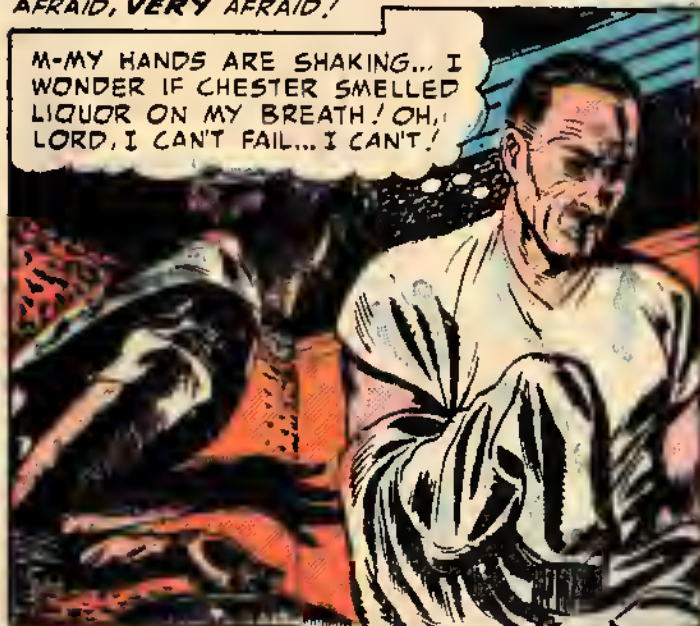
AN ARTIST'S EYES ARE HIS MOST PRICELESS POSSESSION! THAT'S WHY I CHOSE YOU... I WANTED THE BEST SURGEON IN THE COUNTRY!

YES... YES! I'LL SEE YOU AFTER THE OPERATION, CHESTER!



AS HE WASHED UP, COLLINS' BRAIN WHIRLED FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE ALCOHOL... AND HE WAS AFRAID, VERY AFRAID!

M-MY HANDS ARE SHAKING... I WONDER IF CHESTER SMELLED LIQUOR ON MY BREATH! OH, LORD, I CAN'T FAIL... I CAN'T!



SCALPEL... ER... SUTURE... C-CLAMPS!

I'M DIZZY... CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT!



OH!

QUIET, NURSE!

I-I SLIPPED! OH, LORD, MY HAND SLIPPED!



SOMEHOW COLLINS MANAGED TO FINISH THE OPERATION AND RETURN TO HIS OFFICE...

BUTCHER! I'M A BUTCHER! C-CHESTER WILL BE PERMANENTLY BLIND! I'M RUINED... RUINED!



BUT THE DOCTOR WAS LUCKY! HIS REPUTATION AND PRESTIGE SAVED HIM! THE SLIP WAS TERMED AN "ACCIDENT"...

BUT AS HE STOOD OUTSIDE THE BLIND MAN'S DOOR, COLLINS REALIZED THE FULL EXTENT OF CHESTER'S MISERY!

THE SOUND OF CHESTER'S TORTURED SOBS ECHOED OVER AND OVER IN COLLINS' BRAIN... UNTIL HE COULD STAND IT NO LONGER...



I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, CHESTER! I...

IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT, DR. COLLINS! I GUESS I JUST HAD A BAD BREAK! EVEN A GREAT SURGEON CAN HAVE AN ACCIDENT!



I-I WISH I WERE DEAD! W-WHAT GOOD IS A B-BLIND ARTIST?



I-I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY! I NEED A REST... SOME PEACE AND QUIET!

THE DOCTOR FLED TO A SMALL RESORT IN THE MOUNTAINS WHERE HE HOPED TO REGAIN PEACE OF MIND!



ALL I NEED IS A FEW WEEKS RELAXATION AND I'LL BE ALL RIGHT! I'LL STOP DRINKING AND...
PAGING DR. RALPH COLLINS!
PAGING DR. RALPH COLLINS!

ALL I NEED IS A FEW WEEKS RELAXATION AND I'LL BE ALL RIGHT! I'LL STOP DRINKING AND...



I'M DOCTOR COLLINS! YOU WANTED ME?

YES, SIR! THESE TWO MEN ARE LOOKING FOR A PHYSICIAN!

YEAH, WE NEED A DOCTOR BAD!

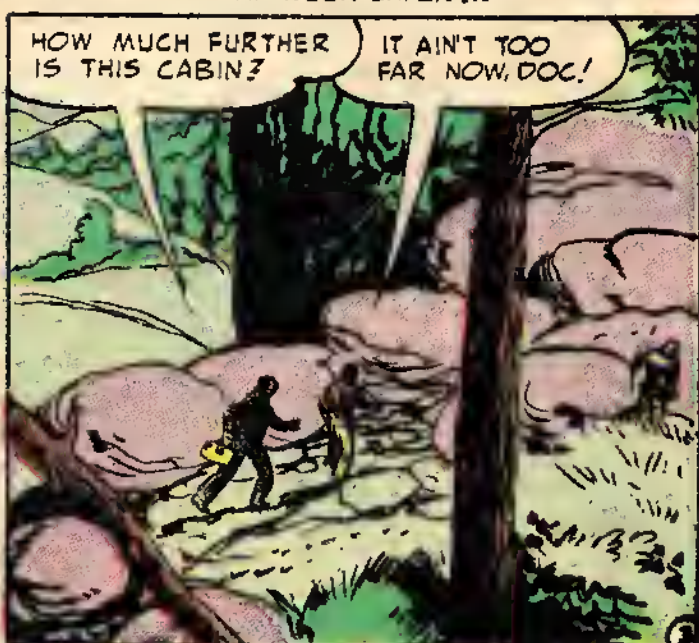


WE'RE ON A HUNTING TRIP! ONE OF THE MEN WITH US GOT HIS FOOT CAUGHT IN A TRAP!

HE CAN'T WALK! HE'S WAITING DOWN AT THE CABIN!

WELL...ER... I'M NOT PRACTICING NOW, B-BUT... ALL RIGHT! I'LL COME!

COLLINS GOT HIS BAG AND STARTED OUT WITH THE TWO MEN! AN HOUR LATER...



HOW MUCH FURTHER IS THIS CABIN?

IT AIN'T TOO FAR NOW, DOC!

WELL, WHERE'S
THE PATIENT?

HE'S IN THE OTHER
ROOM, DOC!

YEAH, HE'S
WAITIN' FOR
YOU!



AS HE ENTERED THE NEXT ROOM, THE DOCTOR'S EYES
BLINKED AT THE SUDDEN BRIGHT LIGHTS! HE FOUND HIMSELF
IN A CRUELY EQUIPPED OPERATING ROOM!

W-WHAT'S THE
MEANING OF
THIS?

YOU'LL SEE, DOC! YOU'LL
SEE! HERE HE IS, BOSS,
JUST LIKE YOU WANTED!



I'M LEAVING!
THERE'S NO
SICK MAN
HERE! YOU
DON'T...

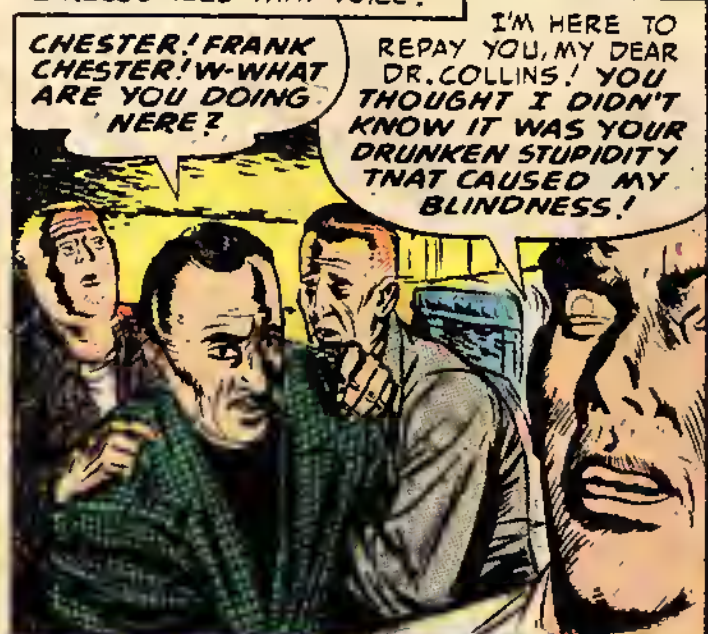
I'M SORRY, DR. COLLINS,
BUT I CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO
LEAVE! WE NEED YOU FOR
AN OPERATION!



COLLINS' HEART POUNDED IN FEAR AND HORROR.
HE RECOGNIZED THAT VOICE!

CHESTER! FRANK
CHESTER! W-WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
HERE?

I'M HERE TO
REPAY YOU, MY DEAR
DR. COLLINS! YOU
THOUGHT I DIDN'T
KNOW IT WAS YOUR
DRUNKEN STUPIDITY
THAT CAUSED MY
BLINDNESS!



LET ME GO!
KEEP AWAY
FROM ME!

YOUR DRUNKEN FUMBLING
RUINED MY LIFE! BUT IT'S MY
TURN NOW, DOCTOR! MY
TURN TO...



OPERATE!

NO!
NO!



The End

SHE WAS ALIVE... AND YET DEAD... FOR THE LIFE SHE LIVED WAS SPUN OF DREAMS!
AND IF THE DREAMER WASN'T CAREFUL, HE'D SLEEP FOREVER IN A NIGHTMARE
OF TERROR WITH HIS...

Dream Girl



I HADN'T SEEN ERIC SINCE THAT STRANGE TRAGEDY, AND THE NEWSPAPER REPORTS WORRIED ME...



I RANSACKED HIS ROOMS FOR HOURS, AND FINALLY...



ERIC'S DIARY TURNED OUT TO BE THE MOST INCREDIBLE DOCUMENT I'D EVER READ!

*HER TRANQUIL FACE WAS MASKED IN THE GRIM, UNMOVING LINES OF DEATH, BUT...

"I HAD HEARD OF A RARE CREMONA IN ONE OF THE DISREPUTABLE SECOND HAND SHOPS IN THE UNSAVORY HARBOR AREA. I WAS SEARCHING FOR IT WHEN SUDDENLY I SAW **HER** IN A DARK, COBWEBBED CORNER..."



THEN EL AHMED, THE PROPRIETOR, WAS AT MY SIDE, GRINNING LIKE AN IMP OUT OF ONE OF THOSE CRUEL ORIENTAL FAIRY TALES!"

YOU ARE INTERESTED IN THIS... THIS PIECE OF MERCHANDISE?

YES! THAT STATUE FASCINATES ME! WHAT IS IT MADE OF?



SHE'S NOT MADE OF MARBLE! SHE... SHE SEEMS TO BE FASHIONED OUT OF SOME STRANGE PLASTIC!

SHE IS NO STATUE! SHE IS HUMAN FLESH... WAITING FOR LIFE!

I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHO IS SHE? WHAT IS WRONG WITH HER?



NOTHING IS WRONG WITH HER! SHE IS... WHAT? HER OWNER WILL MAKE OF HER! DREAM ANY DREAM YOU WILL - AND THAT IS WHAT SHE WILL BE!

YOU MEAN I CAN BUY HER - AND SHE WILL BE WHATEVER I WANT HER TO BE - DO WHATEVER I WANT HER TO DO?

EXACTLY! LOOK INTO HER EYES - AND DREAM YOUR DREAMS!



I WANT HER TO BE GAY... AND
TENDER... AND UNDERSTANDING!



"IT SEEMED AS IF MY THOUGHTS TRANSMITTED
LIFE TO HER! THOSE WAXEN CHEEKS FLUSHED
WITH ROSE, AND..."



YOU...
YOU'RE
ALIVE!

DON'T BE STARTLED,
ERIC! I LIVE BECAUSE
YOU WANT ME TO LIVE!
I WILL ALWAYS BE...
JUST WHAT YOU WANT
ME TO BE!

HER VOICE WAS CLEAR AS A SILVER FLUTE, HER
EYES SPARKLING WITH LAUGHTER... YET DEEP
AND COMPASSIONATE! "

YOU NEVER THOUGHT A
WOMAN COULD UNDER-
STAND YOU... BUT I CAN...
EVERY MOOD AND WHIM!
TEST ME AND SEE!

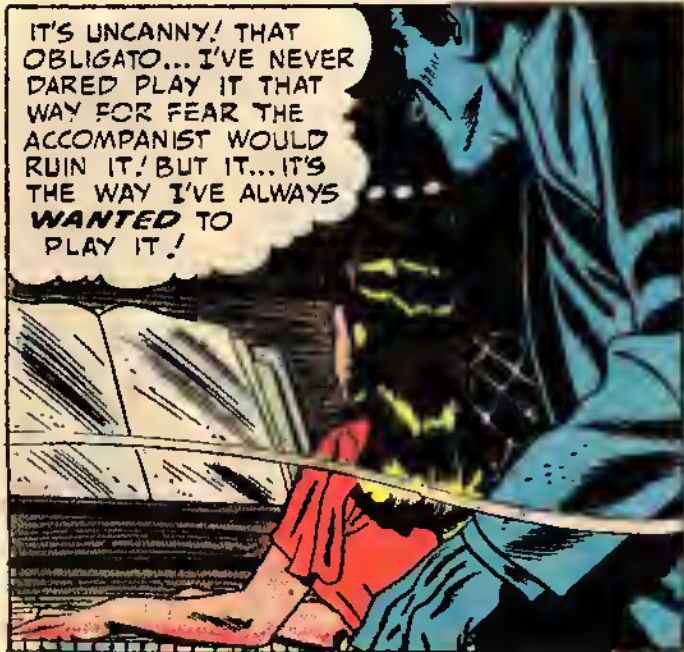


I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO FIND AN
ACCOMPANIST WHO COULD PLAY THE
PIANO JUST AS I'VE WANTED! I...
I WISH SHE COULD!



AS THOUGH MY UNSPOKEN THOUGHT WERE A
COMMAND, SHE WALKED TO AN OLD PIANO, AND..."

IT'S UNCANNY! THAT
OBLIGATO... I'VE NEVER
DARED PLAY IT THAT
WAY FOR FEAR THE
ACCOMPANIST WOULD
RUIN IT! BUT IT... IT'S
THE WAY I'VE ALWAYS
WANTED TO
PLAY IT!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT
KIND OF SORGERY IS
BEHIND THIS... BUT, I...
I WANT THIS... THIS
STATUE!

NATURALLY, THE PRICE
IS HIGH, BUT YOU CAN
AFFORD \$50,000!
HOWEVER, I MUST
WARN YOU...



"HIS FACE SEEMED TO WRITHE WITH EVIL TRIUMPH AS HE SPOKE... BUT I IGNORED HIM... FOR WHY SHOULD I EVER HARM THAT LOVELY CREATURE?"



IF YOU DESTROY HER... **YOU** WILL BE DESTROYED!

"I REMEMBER WHAT EXCITEMENT SHE CAUSED WHEN WE FIRST PLAYED TOGETHER..."



I'VE NEVER HEARD KNOLL PLAY LIKE THAT!

THAT ACCOMPANIST IS INCREDIBLE! SHE CATCHES EVERY FEELING... EVERY SHADE OF MEANING!

"IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT I FALL IN LOVE WITH HER!"

YOU SEEMED DEPRESSED TODAY! LET ME READ TO YOU!

SHE SENSES MY EVERY MOOD... KNOWS JUST WHAT TO DO TO MAKE ME HAPPY!



"EVERYTHING WAS PERFECT... UNTIL WE WENT TO THAT PARTY AT VAN NESSEN'S STUDIO..."

I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED OF PAINTING SOMEONE LIKE YOU... A PASSIONATELY CRUEL, SELFISH WOMAN!

WHAT... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HER? SHE'S CHANGED...



WILL YOU POSE FOR ME?

CERTAINLY! YOU WANT TO PAINT ME NOW, SO LET'S LEAVE THE OTHERS! THEY ARE UNIMPORTANT!



"I REALIZED THAT SHE WAS RESPONDING TO VAN NESSEN'S WISHES AS SHE HAD TO MINE!"

SHE'S BECOMING HIS IDEAL... SHE IS ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN!



"FOR A FEW MINUTES I WATCHED HER... HARD... HAUGHTY... PITILESS... CHANGED INTO VAN NESSEN'S DREAM..."



SHE MUST BE MINE... ONLY MINE! HOW CAN SHE LET VAN NESSEN DO THIS TO HER?

"I WAS HARDLY AWARE OF THE THOUGHT THAT FLASHED THROUGH MY MIND!"



I HATE HIM! INSTEAD OF SMILING AT HIM, SHE SHOULD KILL HIM!

"I REALIZED TOO LATE THAT MY THOUGHT WOULD LEAP INTO HER MIND WITH THE COMPELLING FORCE OF A COMMAND, AND I WATCHED, TRANSFIXED WITH TERROR, AS..."



"THEN SHE TURNED TO ME, EYES SOFT WITH WARMTH AND AFFECTION..."



SHE... SHE KILLED HIM!

I WILL ALWAYS BE WHATEVER YOU WANT ME TO BE, ERIC!

HOW CAN I EXPLAIN THAT I AM REALLY THE MURDERER?

"SHE WAS SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT, AND WHEN I VISITED HER..."



DON'T BROOD, ERIC! WHEN YOU ARE SAD, I AM SAD!

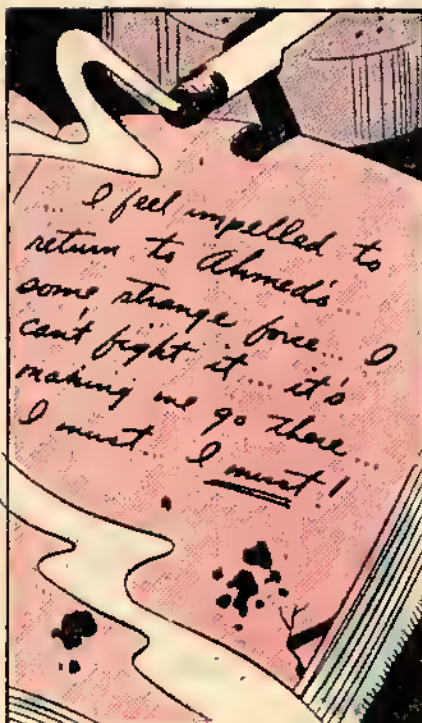
THAT FRAGILE, LOVELY BEAUTY BEHIND BARS... FOREVER... IT... IT... WOULD BE BETTER IF SHE WERE DEAD!

"AND THEN, BEFORE MY EYES, SHE SEEMED TO WITHER AND FADE, AND IN A MOMENT..."



WHAT HAVE I DONE? WHAT HAVE I DONE?

ERIC DID DISAPPEAR JUST AFTER SHE VANISHED SO MYSTERIOUSLY... BUT THIS... IT... IT'S INCREDIBLE! HIS MIND MUST HAVE SNAPPED! WAIT! THERE'S ONE MORE ENTRY!



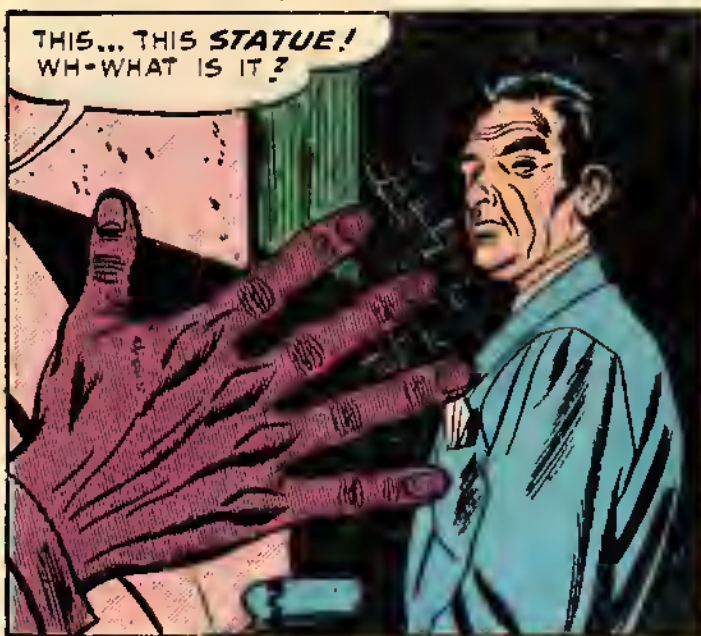
I feel impelled to return to Ahmed's some strange force... I can't fight it... it's making me go there... I must... I must!

I SHUDDERED WHEN I READ THOSE WORDS, AND DECIDED THAT I WOULD VISIT AHMED'S... TO SEE IF THERE WAS EVEN A SHRED OF TRUTH IN ERIC'S TALE!



OF COURSE YOU MAY LOOK AROUND! I HAVE MANY INTERESTING THINGS FOR SALE!

I BROWSED ABOUT CASUALLY, AND THEN I GASPED IN TERROR AS I SAW IT!



THIS... THIS STATUE! WH-WHAT IS IT?



IT IS NO STATUE... BUT WARM, LIVING FLESH... WAITING FOR LIFE! A VERY INTERESTING PIECE OF MERCHANDISE!!

PERHAPS YOU WANT A MAN-SERVANT... ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND YOUR NEEDS THOROUGHLY? HE WILL BE... WHATEVER YOU WISH HIM TO BE!

NO! NO! LET ME OUT! I... I MUST GET OUT OF HERE!



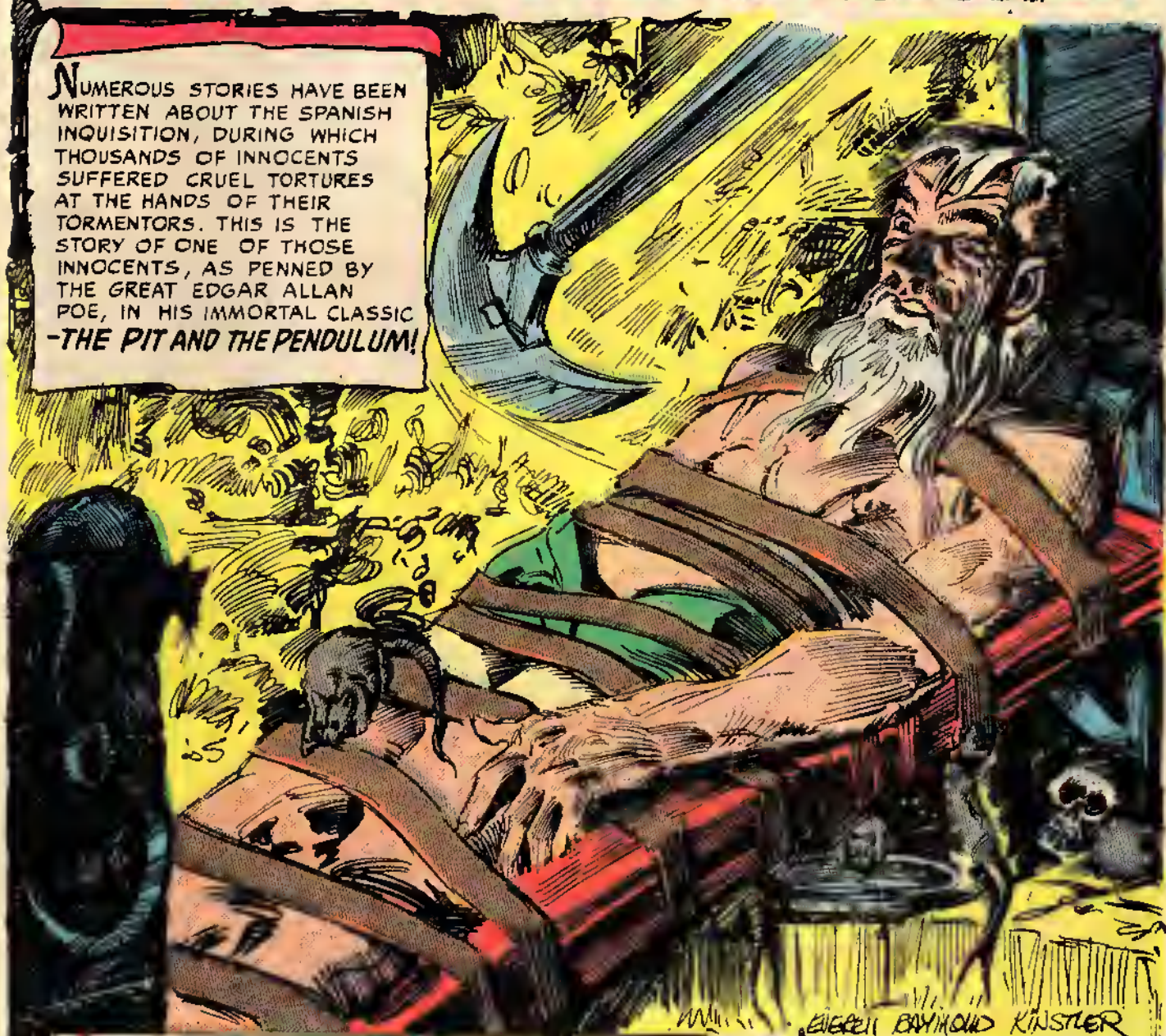
AT FIRST, THE IDEA REVOLTED ME... BUT AS I THINK ABOUT IT MORE AND MORE...

I COULD MAKE A FORTUNE... ALL THE MONEY FROM HIS CONCERTS, IF ONLY I COULD BE SURE THAT SOMEDAY I WOULDN'T TAKE HIS PLACE ON THAT PEDESTAL! IT'S DANGEROUS, BUT MAYBE... MAYBE... YES! I'LL RISK IT!



The **PIT** and the **PENDULUM**

NUMEROUS STORIES HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT THE SPANISH INQUISITION, DURING WHICH THOUSANDS OF INNOCENTS SUFFERED CRUEL TORTURES AT THE HANDS OF THEIR TORMENTORS. THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE OF THOSE INNOCENTS, AS PENNED BY THE GREAT EDGAR ALLAN POE, IN HIS IMMORTAL CLASSIC -**THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM!**

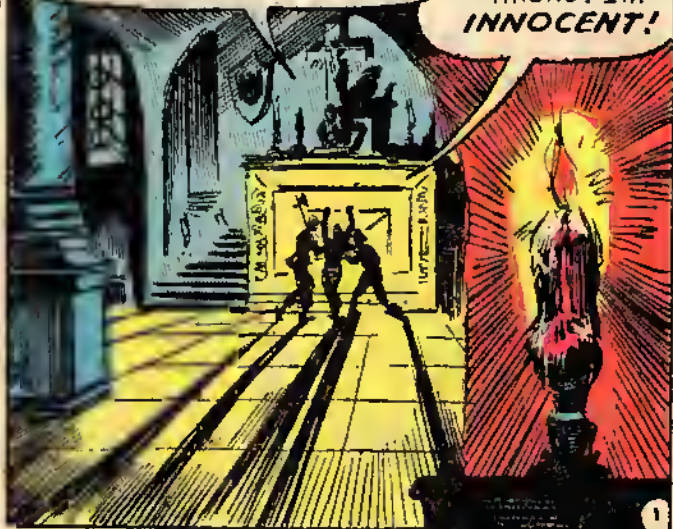


HOW WELL I REMEMBER IT! THE GREAT SILENT MOMENT WHEN THE TRIAL WAS OVER, AND I STOOD TREMBLING BEFORE THE JUDGE--AWAITING THE VERDICT...

THE COURT, AFTER CAREFUL DELIBERATION, FINDS YOU, MANUEL BAROJA, **GUILTY** OF THE HIGHEST CRIMES AGAINST THE SOVEREIGN STATE OF SPAIN!

... FOR YOUR WICKEDNESS AND EVIL DEEDS, I PASS UPON YOU THE SENTENCE OF **DEATH!**

BUT I'VE DONE **NOTHING** WRONG. I'M **INNOCENT!**



AGAIN
-- AND
AGAIN I
SCREAMED
IN PROTEST,
BUT THEY
DRAGGED
ME OUT
LIKE A
COMMON
CRIMINAL--
DOWN
TO THE
LOWER
DUNGEONS.

SCREAMING WON'T
GET YOU ANYWHERE!
NOT WHERE YOU'RE
GOING!

BUT I'VE DONE
NO WRONG-- I
SWEAR IT!



IN YOU
GO, PIG!

WE'VE GIVEN YOU THE
ROYAL DUNGEON, BAROJA.
FIT FOR A KING IT IS, HA, HA!



SOON THE ECHOS OF THEIR FOOT-
STEPS WERE GONE. ALL THAT REMAINED
WAS MY FEAR, AND THE GREAT SILENCE
THAT PRESSED IN ON ALL SIDES...

OUR MASTERS HAVE MADE
SPECIAL PLANS FOR THIS
ONE, VIVALDO! BEFORE
THEY'RE THROUGH, HE'LL
KNOW WHAT TERROR MEANS!

LEAVE IT TO
OUR MASTERS.
THEY'VE MADE
KILLING AN
ART!



TO KEEP
MYSELF
FROM
GOING
MAD, I
BEGAN TO
EXPLORE
MY CELL.
THE WALLS
WERE OF
METAL,
WITH
HIDEOUS
CARVINGS
ENGRAVED
UPON THEIR
SURFACES
SLOWLY,
I GROPED
MY WAY
ALONG...

I CAN BARELY SEE IN THIS
LIGHT. I'LL HAVE
TO GO SLOWLY!
VERY SLOW--



SUDDENLY MY FEET SHOT OUT FROM UNDER ME..

AIEEEEE!

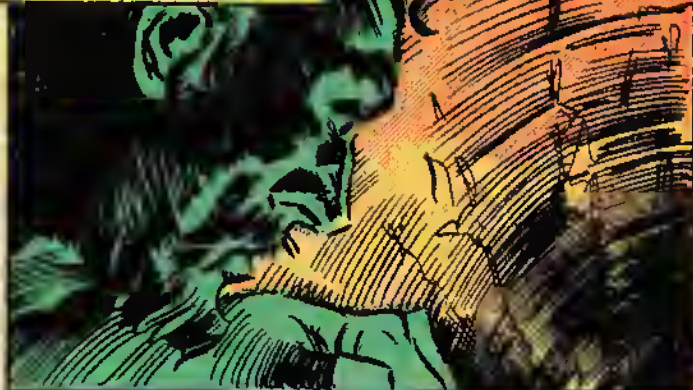


I HIT THE FLOOR WITH GREAT FORCE, BUT THIS WAS THE LEAST OF IT. WHAT I SAW, BUT A FEW FEET BEFORE ME, CATAPULTED MY BODY INTO A SPASM OF QUAKING FEAR...

N-NO! ONE MORE STEP AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN...



THERE BEFORE ME, NO MORE THAN A HAIR'S BREADTH AWAY, WAS A BOTTOMLESS, YAWNING PIT. WITH A CONVULSIVE SHUDDER I FELT MY BRAIN SWIM, AND I FAINTED FOR THE FIRST TIME...



HOW LONG I HAD LAIN THERE I DON'T KNOW, BUT WHEN I CAME TO, THE SECOND PHASE OF MY TORTURE HAD BEGUN...

I'M TIED TO SOME SORT OF PLANK— BUT WHY? WHAT DEVILISH PLOT DO THEY HAVE IN MIND NOW?



RATS! THESE LOWER DUNGEONS MUST BE FILLED WITH THEM! IS THAT THEIR PLAN? AM I TO BE EATEN ALIVE--BY THEM?



NO SOONER HAD THIS THOUGHT CROSSED MY MIND, WHEN I HEARD A SUDDEN SOUND FROM ABOVE...

IT'S COMING FROM THAT MACHINE! IT'S SWINGING BACK AND FORTH, BUT THAT GLEAMING EDGE! I-IT CAN'T BE-- BUT IT IS! IT'S A BLADE!

WITH EACH SWEEPING ARC THE GLEAMING BLADE CAME CLOSER AND CLOSER-- ITS RAZOR-LIKE EDGE AIMED DIRECTLY AT MY HEART...



WITH DEATH STARING ME IN THE FACE, I WAS DRIVEN TO A SUDDEN EFFORT. SOMEHOW I MANAGED TO FREE ONE HAND, AND I STRUGGLED VAINLY TO REACH A BOWL THAT STOOD ON ONE SIDE...

IF I CAN REACH THAT BOWL OF FOOD BEFORE THE RATS DO, I MAY HAVE A CHANCE. ONLY A LITTLE MORE NOW-- JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE.



I-I-I'VE REACHED IT!



QUICKLY I SMEARED THE FOUL SMELLING BROTH OVER THE THINGS THAT BOUND ME. THE ODOR FILLED THE CELL, AND NOW I HEARD THE MAD SCURRYING OF TINY FEET...

THE RATS! THEY SMELL IT! IF THEY'LL ONLY COME! MERCIFUL HEAVEN, MAKE THEM COME!



IN A HEADLONG RUSH THEY SWARMED OVER ME, THEIR SHARP TEETH GNAWING INTO THE STRAPS, AND MY THROBBING FLESH, WHILE UP ABOVE THE HISSING BLADE DROPPED CLOSER AND CLOSER...

EAT, YOU DEMONS. FILL YOUR BELLIES. MAKE IT A FEAST-- HA, HA! HO, HA, HA, HA!



I COULD FEEL THE STRAPS GOING, ONLY A FEW STRANDS REMAINED. BUT NOW THE BLADE WAS POISED FOR ITS FINAL STROKE! WITH A QUIVERING ACTION IT STARTED FORWARD...



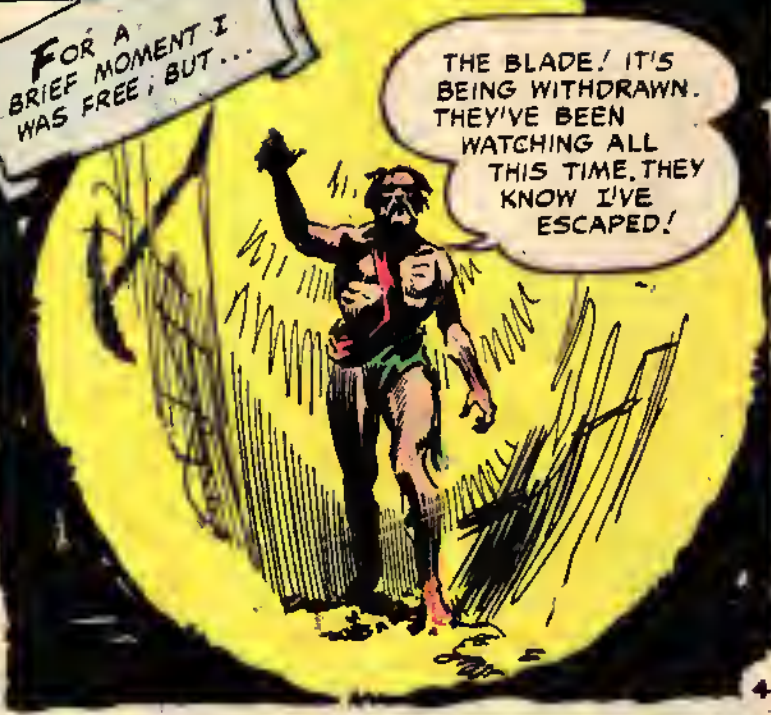
WITH MY LAST STRENGTH I THREW MY WEIGHT AGAINST THE STRAPS, AND...

SNAP! SWOOSH!



FOR A BRIEF MOMENT I WAS FREE, BUT...

THE BLADE! IT'S BEING WITHDRAWN. THEY'VE BEEN WATCHING ALL THIS TIME. THEY KNOW I'VE ESCAPED!



SLOWLY THE
TERROR-
FILLED
MINUTES
PASSED,
AND THEN
I NOTICED
A NEW
HORROR. A
SULPHUROUS
GLOW
BEGAN TO
FILL THE
CELL, AND
I WAS
STRUCK
WITH A
BLAST OF
HEAT FROM
THE
METAL
WALLS...

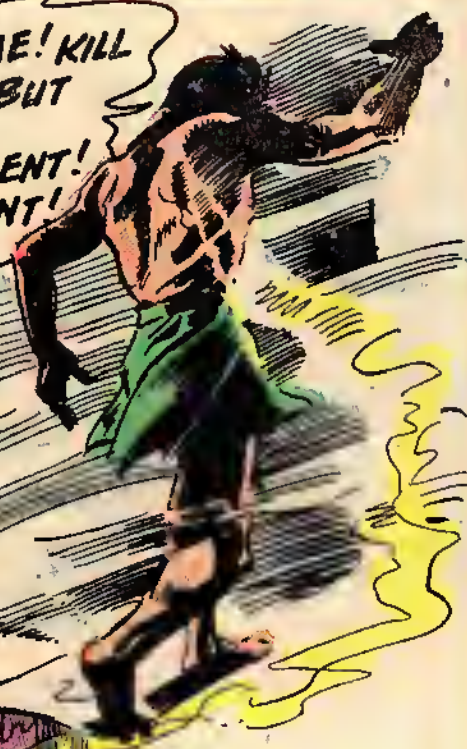
THE HEAT... FROM THE
WALLS! IT CAN MEAN BUT
ONE THING. THEY'VE BUILT
FIRES BEHIND
THEM!



BUT AS
I ECKED
AWAY
FROM
THEIR
FIERY
HEAT,
THE WALLS
THEMSELVES
FOLLOWED!
THEY WERE
ACTUALLY
MOVING,
CLOSING
IN, FORCING
ME SLOWLY
BUT
STEADILY
TOWARD
THE
YAWNING
PIT!



KILL ME! KILL
ME! BUT
I AM
INNOCENT!
INNOCENT!



HOLD ON!
YOU'RE SAFE!

SUDDENLY
I HEARD
THE HUM
OF VOICES,
THE
BLAST OF
TRUMPETS!
THE
FIERY
WALLS
RUSHED
BACK,
AND AS
I FELL
INTO THE
PIT AN
OUTSTRETCHED
HAND
CAUGHT
MINE...



L-LET ME
DIE. DON'T
TORTURE
ME FURTHER!

YOU WILL BE TORTURED
NO MORE. I AM **GENERAL
LASALLE!** THE
ARMIES OF FRANCE
HAVE ENTERED
TOLEDO, THE
CRUEL TYRANTS
WHO IMPRISONED
YOU ARE NOW
MY CAPTIVES!
**OPEN THE
CELLS! FREE
THE PRISONERS!
THE REIGN
OF TERROR
IS OVER!
SPAIN IS
FREE ONCE
MORE!**



HIS WORDS WERE LIKE A TRUMPET CALL FROM
HEAVEN. I COULD FEEL THE TEARS RUSHING TO
MY EYES, AS I GAVE SILENT THANKS FOR MY
MERCIFUL DELIVERANCE...



The End

NOW

FLY LIKE A BIRD!

With Wings Made From The Original Sketch of Leonardo Da Vinci's Flying Wings!



Now any adventure loving boy can build Da Vinci's flying wings with just ordinary carpenter's tools. Remember these are not toy wings but real Da Vinci flying wings.

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98¢**

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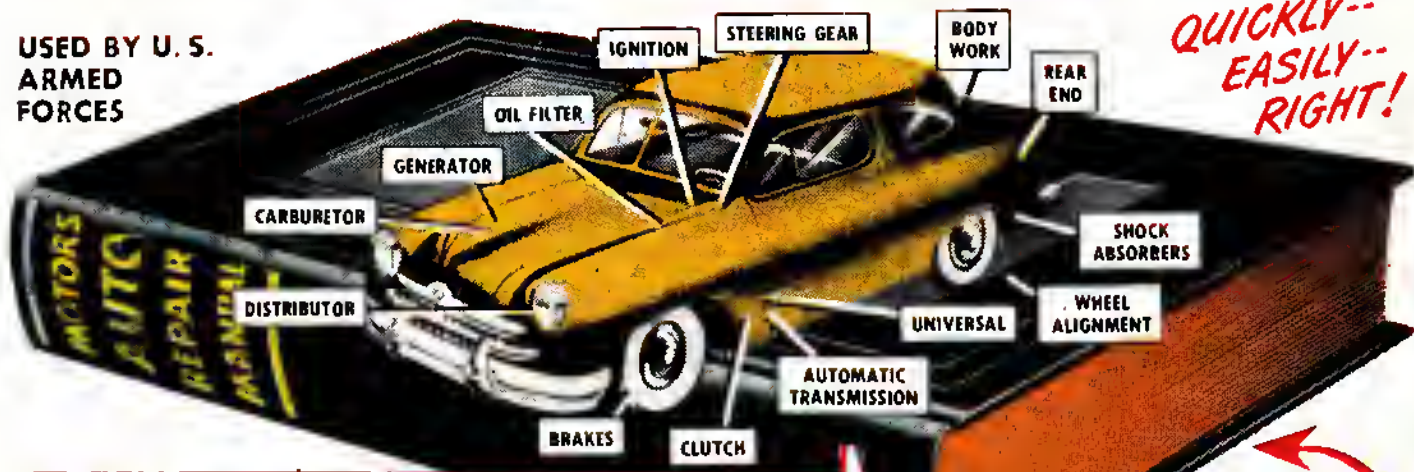
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